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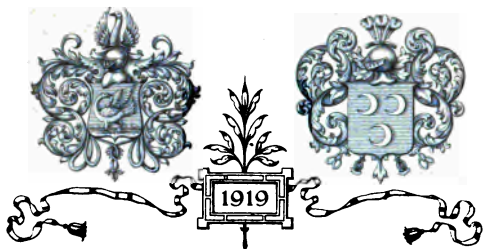
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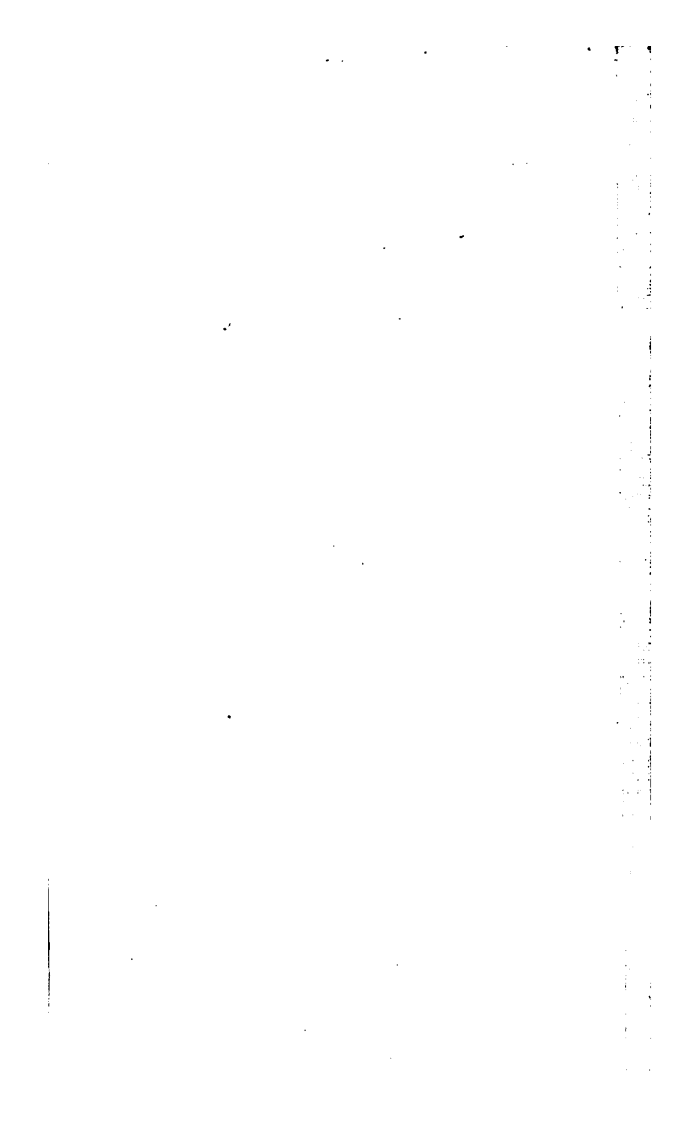
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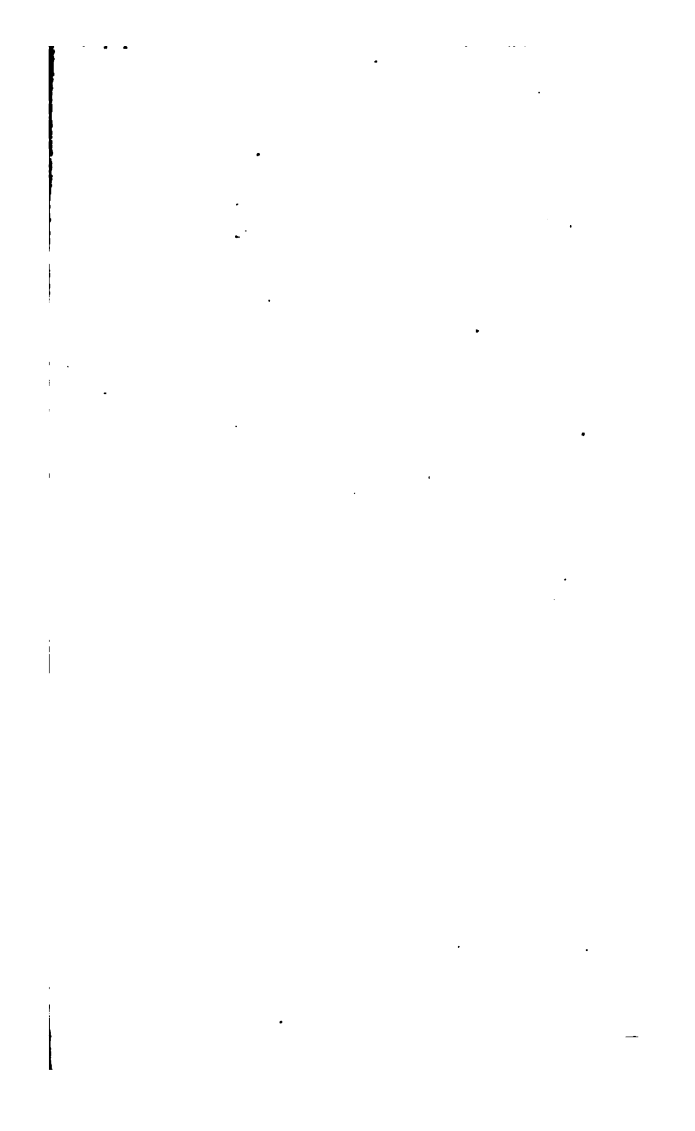
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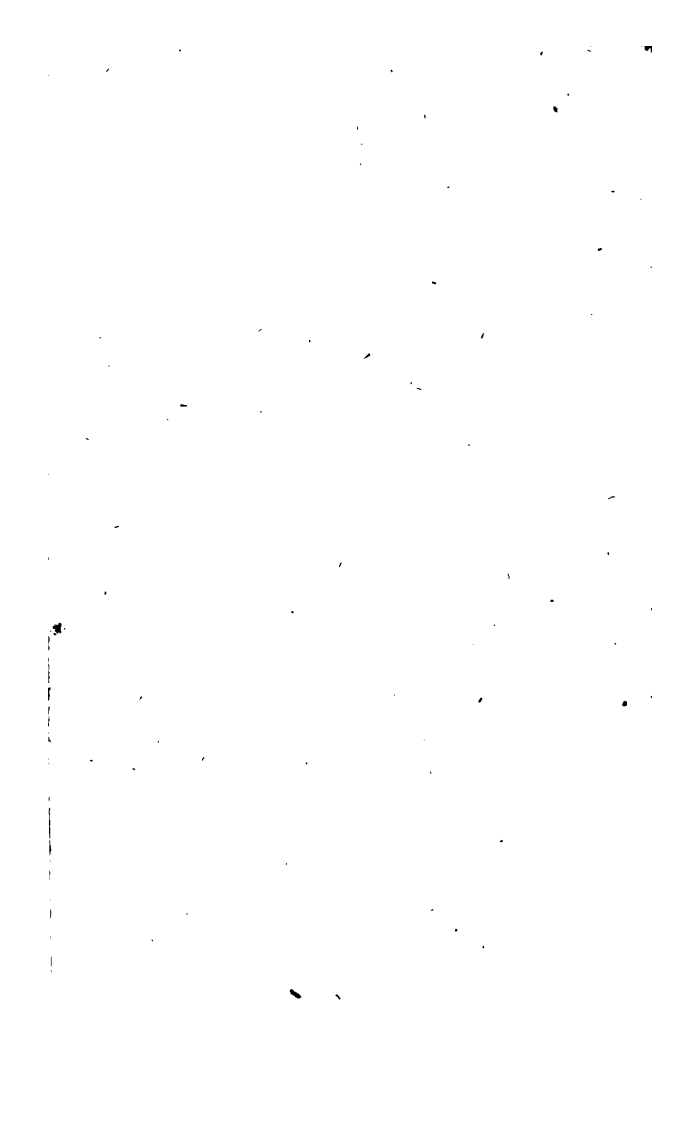
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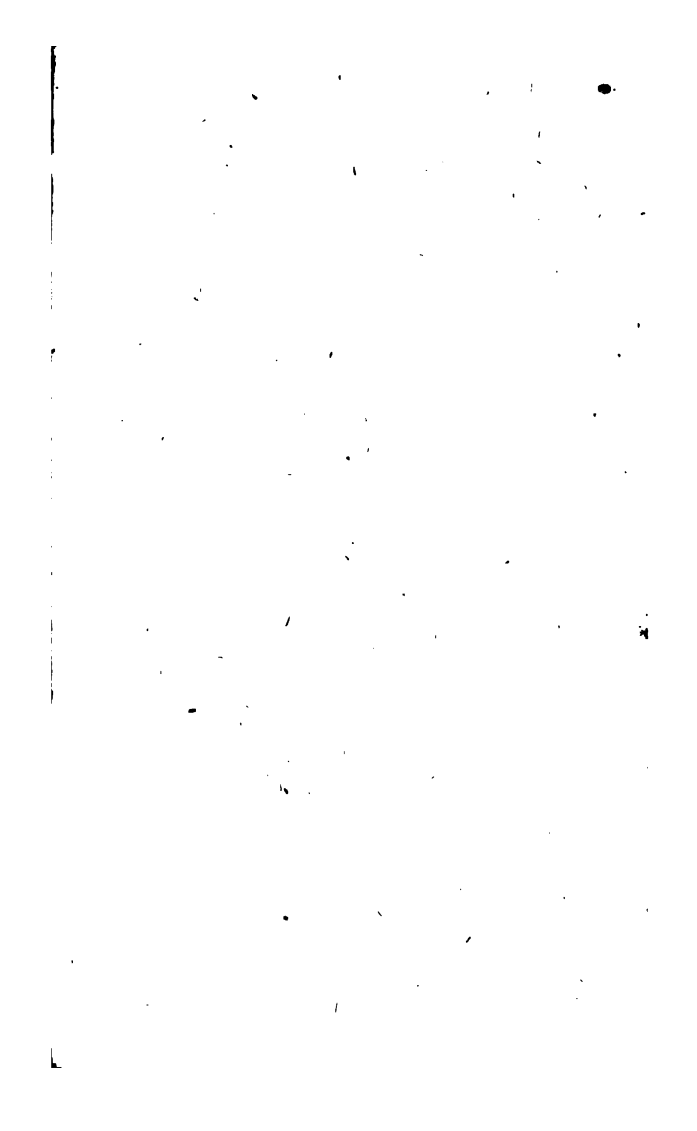


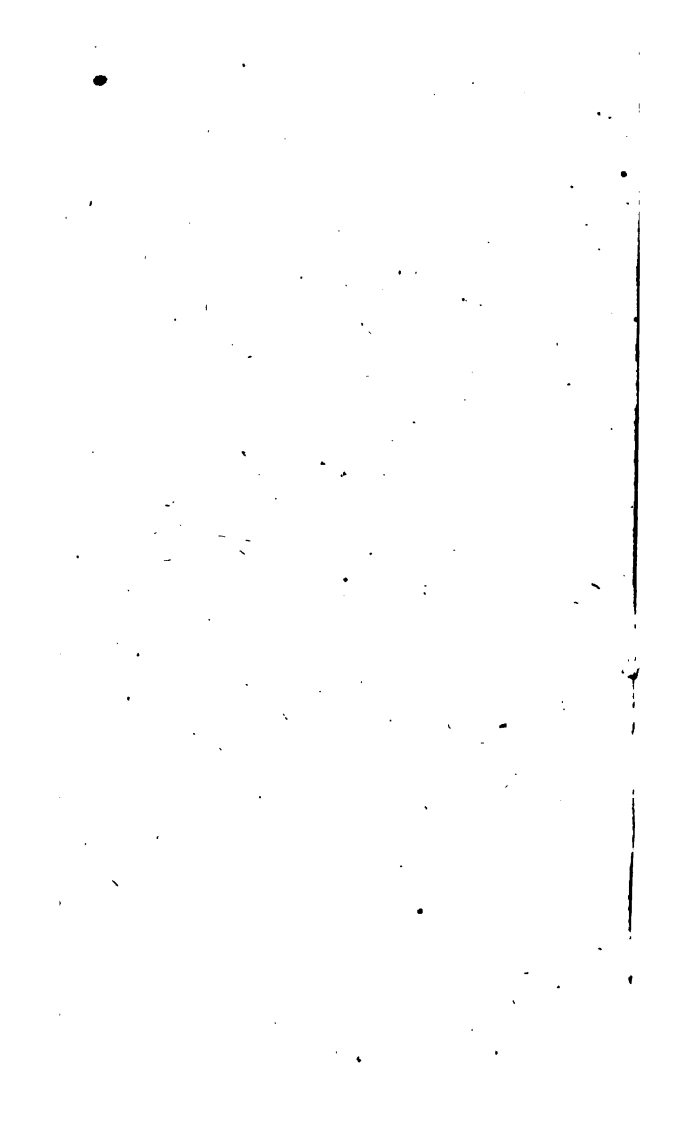




**GANSEVOORT - LANSING
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ROMEO & JULIET.

Act. 3. Sc. 3.

London. Aug: 4. 1798. Published by D. Ogilvy & Son Holborn.

THE
Plays
of
SHAKESPEARE,
from the most correct editions
Vol. 7



*Printed for D. Ogilvy & Son.
Holborn. London.*

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THE

Dramatic Writings

Peter Gansworth
1810.

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

INTRODUCTORY PREFACES

TO EACH PLAY.

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.
HENRY IV. PART I.

|| HENRY IV. PART II.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PRINTED FOR D. OGILVIE AND SON,

BOOKSELLERS,

HOLBORN, LONDON.

M,DCC,XCVIII.

19749A

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FABLE AND COMPOSITION OF

ROMEO and JULIET.

THE story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549, at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boistean copied it with alterations and editions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection, 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient, had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, and published in an octavo volume 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragical Historie of Romeus and Juliet*. It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels and practices of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582. M. Tottell] *Romeo and Julietta*." Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo and Julienn*." The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr Farmer has observed), from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval, in his
Travels

Travels tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakespeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated: he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, not ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

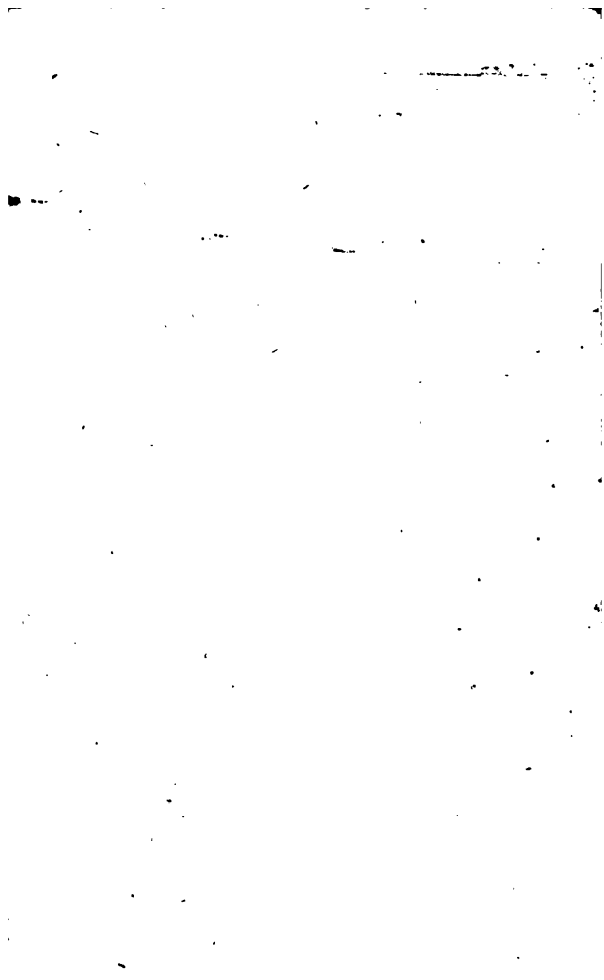
The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery—a miserable conceit.* JOHNSON.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

*Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean,
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their childrens' end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*



L. H. Gausman

1807

ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
PARIS, *Kinsman to the Prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*
CAPULET, } *each other.*
ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*
MERCUTIO, } *Friends of Romeo.*
BENVOLIO, }
TYBALT, *Kinsman to Capulet.*
An old Man, his Cousin.
FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*
SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*
Three Musicians.
PETER.

W O M E N.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*
LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*
JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*
Nurse to Juliet.
CHORUS, — *Boy, Page to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.*
Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.
The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the play, at Verona.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A street.*

Enter SAMPSON, and GREGORY, two Servants of CAPULET.

Sampson.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant:

A 2

when

when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids ; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids !

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand : and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool ; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM, and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How ? turn thy back, and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry ; I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown, as I pass by ; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay ?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, fir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Greg. Say—better; here's comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, fir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords;
You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. [*hinds?*]

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace; I hate the
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee; [*word,*]
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them
down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword,
ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for
a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,——Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,——
Will they not bear?——what ho! you men, you
beasts,——

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,——
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.——
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, CAPULET, &c.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben.

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-
Right glad I am he was not at this fray. [day?

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side——
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made : but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own——
That most are busied when they are most alone——
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night :

Black

Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true——

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them

Ben. In love?

[*short.*]

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—Oh me!—What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shewn,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewel, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill——

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think!

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth;
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accusom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such

Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
 Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me :—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there ; and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here!
 It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with
 his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with
 his pencil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am
 sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ,
 and can never find what names the writing persons hath
 here writ. I must to the learned :—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO, and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burn—
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ; [ing,
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning ;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom.

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipt, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good-e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the list.]

*Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County
Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of
Vurvoio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mer-
cutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his
wife and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia;
Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the
lovely Helena.*

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the
house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup
of wine. Rest you merry.

B

Ben.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither: and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
(One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those chrystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A room in CAPULET's house

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year
old,——

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul.

Jul. Madam, I am here : what is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave a while,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,——

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen : How long is't now to Lammas,

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days. [tide ?

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all christian souls !——

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;

She was too good for me : But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen ;

That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it——

Of all the days of the year, upon that day :

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall,

My lord and you were then at Mantua :——

Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !

To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug.

Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :

For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow :
 And then my husband—God be with his soul !
 'A was a merry man ;—took up the child ;
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face ?*
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? and, by my holy dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay :*
 To see now, how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it ; *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth he ;
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace !

Nurse. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot chuse but laugh
 To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay :*
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone ;
 A par'ious knock : and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face ?*
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
 grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of :—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now : younger
 than you,

Here

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers : by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;

Examine every several lineament,

And see how one another lends content ;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover :

The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide :

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd
up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse

curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six maskers, torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our Or shall we on without apology ? [excuse]

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambfing
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink:

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
To

Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.——
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a mask*]

A visor for a visor !——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase——
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.——
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word :

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.——Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning ; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleep ; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She

She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bones ; the lash of film :
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
'Time out of mind the fairies' coach-maker.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love ;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ies straight ;
O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometimes she driveth over a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage,
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mec. True, I talk of dreams ;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our
selves ;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels : and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail !—on, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *A hall in CAPULET's house.**Enter Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a fool thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell,—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAPULET, with the guests and the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,—That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play,

A hall!

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More lights, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, [much:

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, fir;

His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, fir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To

To flee and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will: the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you;—I know what.—
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princex; go:—
Be

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[*To* JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers effect I take.

Thus from my lips by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips? the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

C

I tell

I tell you—he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petrucio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not

Nurse. I know not. [dance]

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? What's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, JULIET]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt*
Enter]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steals love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit Chorus.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The street.*

Enter ROMEO alone.

Romeo.

CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out. [*Exit.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

C 2

Ben.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spight: my invocation
Is fair and honest; and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be comforted with the humorous night:
Blind in his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;

This

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. CAPULET'S garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !——

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.——
It is my lady ; O, it is my love :
O, that she knew she were !——
She speaks, yet she says nothing ; What of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks :
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars ;
As day-light doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek ?

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:—
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[Aside]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
So stumblest on my counsel?
[night]

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because

Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound ;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb !
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
For stony limits cannot hold love out : [walls ;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By Love, who first did prompt me to inquire :
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on thy face ;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !

Dost

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess;
But that thou overheardst, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love——

Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bond of love, by summer's rip'ning breath,

May

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet,
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit,*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
If that thy bent of love be honourable, [*indeed,*
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*

I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,

I do

I do beseech thee,—[*Within*: Madam. By and by, I
come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul!—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET again, above.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And

And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets him hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good-night, 'till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A monastery.*

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;
 Nor ought so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good-morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?——
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rance ;
 Or, if not so, then here I hit it right——
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom.

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy:
Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man! for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage; when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy saint Francis! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting; not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now,
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
 The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household's rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. The street.

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
 that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house;—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!——*By——a very good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good whore!*——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *Pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better

love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bien jour!* there's a French salutation to your French sloop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'fy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then, is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sole'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs! or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom.

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweating; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in, to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now thou art sociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse, and PETER.

Mer. A fail, a fail, a fail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him; I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith: wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.*——

Romeo,

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady! [Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were a lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks! and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse.

Nurse. Good heart ! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much : Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon ;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee ;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel !——Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewel !——Commend me to thy-mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee !——Hark you,

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ? [sir.

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady
—Lord, lord !——when 'twas a little prating thing,—
O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her some-
times, and tell her that Paris is the properer man ; but,
I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as
any clout in the varshal world. Doth not rosemary and
Romeo begin both with a letter ?

Rom.

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sentiments of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. CAPULET'S garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the
In half an hour she promis'd to return. [nurse;

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. What haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied; Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a
body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they
are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy
ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you din'd at
home?

Jul. No, no: But all this I did know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' the other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and

I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:

Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?

Your love says like an honest gentleman—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie thee hence to friar Lawrence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner: hie thee to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Friar LAWRENCE's cell.**Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and ROMEO.*

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph, die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both

Receive

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt,*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A street.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Benvolio.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!*
and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on
the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy ; and as soon mov'd to be
moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

E

Ben,

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; why eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion with giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?
 In thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing
 but discords: here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall
 make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
 Either withdraw into some private place,
 Or reason coldly of your grievances,
 Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, L. [gaze;

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes
 my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery!
 Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower;
 Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
 No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting:—Villain, I am none;
 Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
 That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee;
 But love thee better than thou canst devise,
 'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
 And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
 As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la floccata carries it away.—

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawings*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, fir, your passado.

[*They fight*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
 Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
 In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio
 [Exit TYBALT]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped!—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch: marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm?

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO,*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth de-
This but begins the woe, others must end. [pend;

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
Shalt with him hence. [here,

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, TYBALT falls.*
E 3 *Ben.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, fir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,
&c.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's
child!—

O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink [*slay*]
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel, at bold Mercutio's breast ;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and swifter than his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly :
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life :
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

La. Mont. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend ;

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
 But

But I'll immerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. An apartment in CAPULET'S house,

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phoebus' mansion ; such a waggoner
 As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
 That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !——
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night !——Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night [night ;
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,

Take

Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
That Romeo bid thee fetch? [cords,

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Aye me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
We are undone, lady, we are undone!— [dead!
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:

Brief

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood:—I fownded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest shew!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aquavite*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him! [cousin?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,

Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*—
 'There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death: no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
 spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Friar LAWRENCE's cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
 man; Affliction

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such four company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say——banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death ; then banishment
Is death mis-term'd : calling death——banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:
 Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
 But Romeo may not; he is banished.
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But——banished——to kill me? banished!
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess,
 To mangle me with that word——banishment?

Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word,

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?——Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
 It helps not, it prevails not,——talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
 no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel;
 An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
 Doating like me, and like me banished,

Then

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knock.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;
[*Knock.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knock.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, [*drunk.*]
Just in her case!—

Fri. O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?

Doth she not think me an old murderet,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love ?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's curs'd hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill beseeeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In

In thee at once ; which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man :
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt : there too art thou happy :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But like a mis'hav'd and a sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—

Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
 To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !——
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Go hence. Good-night ;—and here stands all
 your state.—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here :
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good-night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A room in CAPULET'S house.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter :
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I ;——Well, we were born to die.—
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :—
 Madam,

Madam, good-night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.——
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next——
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her, [soon,
She shall be married to this noble earl;——

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:——
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:——o' Thursday be it
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, [then:—
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.——
Farewel, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. JULIET'S chamber.

Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I ;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so,
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat,
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay, than will to go ;——
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.——
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom.

Rom. More light and light!—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

He thinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

My sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

Thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live.
Therefore, have done: some grief shews much of love.
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not
Which you weep for. [*fric*]

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death.

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, 'till I behold him—dead—
My poor heart so for a kinsman vext :——
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Upon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. [man.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness, [child ;
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, [morn,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not there make me a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :——These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,
And

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
thanks;

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife!
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
Proud can I never be of what I hate; [have
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! chop logic? What is this?
Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
'To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God hath sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man——

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed—I cannot love—
 I am too young—I pray you, pardon me ;—*
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with :
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the street
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [1

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 O! if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [1

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be
 vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratage
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis ; Romeo
 Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 Oh! he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or, 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
 Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
 Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence's cell,
 To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
 So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
 I'll to the friar to know his remedy:
 If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Lawrence's cell.**Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris.**Friar.*

ON Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death
And therefore little have I talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she do give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd;
[Aside]
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
for it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kifs.

[Exit PARIS.]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come, weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel : or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death, to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent,

To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off :

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep

His natural progress, but surcease to beat :

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To pale ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,

Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death :

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;

And hither shall he come ; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,

And this shall free thee from this present shame ;

If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul.

Jul. Give me, O' give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewel, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. CAPULET'S house.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite us here are writ.—
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if
they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick
his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his
fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry
look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well; stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET, and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. JULIET's chamber.

Enter JULIET, and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewel!—God knows when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me;—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be married to the count?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
 Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
 Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo,

Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV. CAPULET'S hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pasty.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow
What's there ?

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs.
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said ; A merry whoreson !

The

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day :
The county will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*

For so he said he would. I hear him near :—

Nurse !—Wife !—what, ho !—what, Nurse, I say !

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up ;

I'll go and chat with Paris :—Hie, make haste,

Make haste ! the bridegroom he is come already :

Make haste, I say !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. JULIET'S chamber ; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !—fast,

I warrant her :—

Why, lamb !—why, lady !—fie, you slug-a-bed !—

Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweet-heart !—why,
bride !—

What, not a word ?—you take your pennyworths
now ?

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen !) how sound is she asleep !

I must needs wake her :—Madam ! madam ! madam !

Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be ?

What, dress ! and in your clothes ! and down again !

I must needs wake you :—Lady ! lady ! lady !

Alas ! alas !—Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—

Some aquavitz, ho !—My lord !—my lady !

H

Enter

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold!
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time, unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. [wail,

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him,
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My

My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a fight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw [day
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !

Most lamentable day ! most woeful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold !

O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !

Never was seen so black a day as this :

O woeful day, O woeful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain !

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !——

O love ! O life !——not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, killed !

Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now

To murder——murder our solemnity ?——

O child ! O child !——my soul, and not my child !——

Dead art thou !——alack ! my child is dead ;

And, with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid :

Your part in her you could not keep from death ;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was——her promotion ;

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd :

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
 But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in—and, madam, go with him;—
 And go, for Paris;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Ex. CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.*]

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease;*

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

Mus. Why *heart's ease?*

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump,
to comfort me.

Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I
will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crutches, I'll *re* you,
I'll *sa* you; do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *sa* us, you note us,

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out
your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dag-
ger:—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound,

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound
for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-
post?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I
will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*,

because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding :—

Then music with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress. [*Exit, singing.*]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
And, all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dream't, my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think);
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;

For

For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill ;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives ;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, fir.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !——
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, fir, I dare not leave you thus :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary——
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said——
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but fore-run my need ;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should he the house :
 Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.——I see, that thou art
 Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have [poor ;
 A dram of poison ; such soon speeding geer
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery ;
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,

And

And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
Sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.——

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Friar LAWRENCE's cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAWRENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?

If his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
He of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Shal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it—here it is again——

Or get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge

Of

Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go bring it thee. [Exit]

Law. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come ;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit]

*SCENE III. A church-yard ; in it a monument
longing to the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, with a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. [aloof ;
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure.

[Exit]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bride
bed : [Strewing flowers]
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels doth remain,

Accept

cept this latest favour at my hands ;
 hat living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 ith funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[*The boy whistles.*

he boy gives warning ; something doth approach.
 hat cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 o cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
 hat, with a torch !—muffle me night, a while.

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR, with a torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 old, take this letter ; early in the morning
 ee thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 ive me the light : upon thy life I charge thee,
 hatever thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
 and do not interrupt me in my course.
 hy I descend into this bed of death,
 partly, to behold my lady's face :
 et, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
 A dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :——
 et if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 y heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit.*
Rom.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking up the monument*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd—

And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies:—I will apprehend him.—

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obeys, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself:

For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee
boy.

[*They fight, PARIS falls*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

Par. O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
Did he not so? or did I dream it so?

I am—I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book!

Will bury thee in a triumphant grave—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To funder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe—
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain

I

With

With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !——
 Come, bitter conduct come, unfavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in :
 Here's to my love !—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Drinks.*]

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Law. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-nig
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?——Who
 there ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that know
 you well.

Law. Blis be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends its light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master
 One that you love.

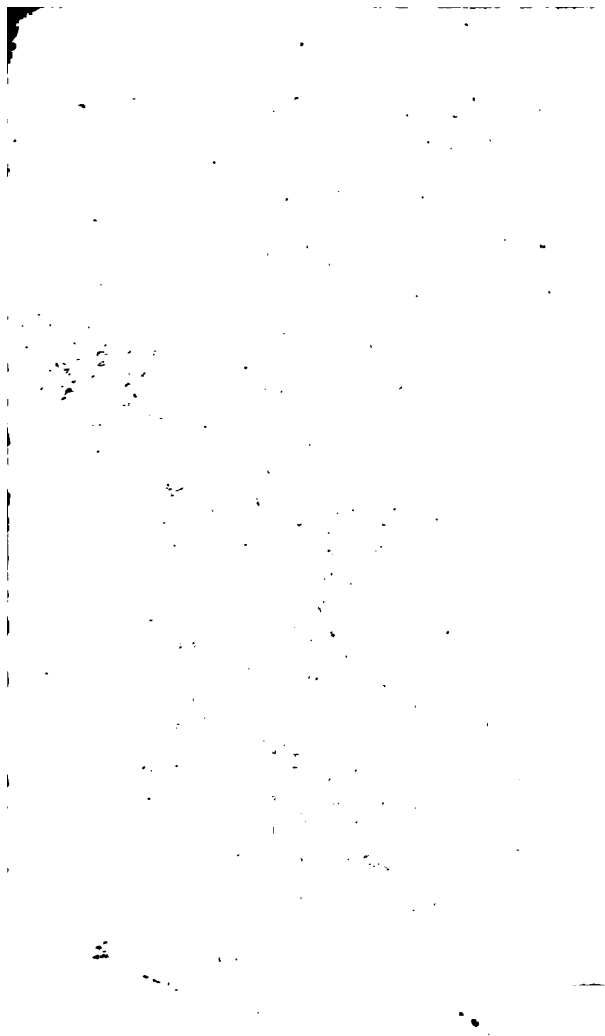
Law. Who is it ?

Balth. Romeo.

Law. How long hath he been there ?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Law. Go with me to the vault.



FIRST PART KING HENRY IV.



J. M. W. Turner

**FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, } *Sons to the King.*
JOHN, *Duke of Lancaster*, }

Earl of WORCESTER.

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR.

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*.

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*.

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas*.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Earl of WESTMORELAND.

Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

W O M E N.

Lady PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer*

Lady MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.*

QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in East-cheap.*

*Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
Travellers, and Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, *England.*

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Court in London.*

Enter King HENRY, *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *Sir*
WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Henry.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those oppos'd eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ
(Whose foldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight)

A 2

Forthwith

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields;
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now :—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butcher'd:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this
 Brake off our business for the Holy land. [broil

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 For more uneven and unwelcome news [lord;
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rod day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,

Where

Where they did spend a' sad and bloody hour ;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each foil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith, it is a conquest for a prince
To boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son :
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant ;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd -
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz,
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
 And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords :
 But come yourself with speed to us again ;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. An Apartment belonging to the Prince.

Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking
 of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
 sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast for-
 gotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly
 know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time
 of the day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes
 capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the
 signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a
 fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata ; I see no
 reason,

reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.* And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none),—

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea: being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal.

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest,—Sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, as I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

B

P. Henry.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

1.

Well, come what will,
By the lord, I'll be a traitor.

I care not.
Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave
me; I will lay him down such
a sleep, that he shall go.

Well, may't it thou have the spirit
of the ears of profiting, that what
the prince may (for recreation sake
the poor abuses of the time
farewel: You shall find me in
the summer! Farewel, thou latter spring!

Now, my good sweet honey I
farewel; I have a jest to execute,
I am alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Pet
yourself, those men that we have
robbed the booty, if you and I do r
the head from my shouldets.

Why, we will set forth before
appoint them a place of meeting, w
the treasure to fail; and then will th
exploit themselves: which th
achieved, but we'll set upon t
Ay, but 'tis like, that th
our horses, but by our habits, and b
to be ourselves.
Tut! our horses they shall no
the wood; our visors we will

we leave them ; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us the things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord.

[Exit]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness :
Yet herein will I imitate the sun ;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holydays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and tem-
 Unapt to stir at these indignities, [*perate,*]
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather by myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit WORCESTER.*]

You were about to speak.

[*To NORTH.*]

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As is deliver'd to your majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home :
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
'To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !

And

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach;
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
 But with proviso, and exception,—
 That we, at our own charge, should ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,

Whose

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war ;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
'Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedge bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ; [drink
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie
He never did encounter with Glendower ; [him.
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son :—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*

Hot.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not fend them ;—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause
Here comes your uncle. [a while ;

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?
Zounds, I will speak of him : and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation ;
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [mouth

Hot,

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd:
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them :
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—

Those

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer:
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear ye, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
 Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,—*
 And,—*gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—*
 O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
 Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again ;
 We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland ; which,—for divers reasons,
 Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
 Will easily be granted.—You, mylord,—[*To North.*
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
 The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard
 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down ;
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it ; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
 And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
 To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head :
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The king will always think him in our debt ;
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already, how he doth begin
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell :—No further go in this,
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)
 I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer ;
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
 (As I will fashion it), shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother : We shall thrive
 I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
 'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sports
 [Exit

ACT II.

SCENE I. An Inn Yard at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

I Carrier.

HIGH ho ! An't be not four by the day, I'll be
 hang'd : Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and
 yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler !

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

I Car.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few fleas in the point; the poor jade is rung in the withers out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst thou hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gadsf. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gadsf. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray you; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gadsf. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth-a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gadsf. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle. I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers*]

Gadsf. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gadsf. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It hold current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gadsf. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas's clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipp'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gadsf. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang,

hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gadsf. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gadsf. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gadsf. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men.— Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Road by Gadshill.**Enter Prince HENRY, POINS, and PETO.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*]
 Whew!

Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gadsf. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our fetter: I know his voice.

Bard. What news?

Gadsf. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gadsf. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they

they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gadſ. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, ſir John Paunch?

Fal. Indced, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Henry. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt find him. Farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now, cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd?

P. Henry. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by; ſtand cloſe.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY, and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbours; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorſon caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your ſtore were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men muſt live:

live : You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure ye, i'faith. [*Here they rob and bind them.* [Exeunt.

Re-enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men : Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains !

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd !

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III. Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous*,—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition*.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie! What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings.

proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady P. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so hestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, [these
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant*]

Lady P. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady P. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse,

My love, my horse.

Lady P. Out you mad-headed ape!

A weazel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady P. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips :
 We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
 And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse !—
 What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have
 with me ?

Lady P. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?
 Well, do not then ; for, since you love me not,
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
 And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
 I know you wise ; but yet no further wise,
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
 No lady closer ; for I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady P. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
 Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady P. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Boar's Head Tavern in East-cheap.*

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Henry. Ned, pry'thee, come out of that fat
 room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

D

Poins.

Poins. Where hast thou been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheds. I have founded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But Ned, to drive away the time 'till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins.

Poins. Francis!

[Exit.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, chrystal button, nott-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, cad-dice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of good-man Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock

o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS, with wine.*]
 What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward.—Go thy ways,

old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say ! I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing ; A plague of all cowards, I say still !

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack ? what mutter you ?

Fal. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear my hair on my face more. You prince of Wales !

P. Henry. Why, you wherefson round man ! what's the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a coward ? answer me to that ; and Poins there ?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who fees your back : Call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack :—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I !

[*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal.

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gadsf. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gadsf. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadsf. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray God, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st

know'st my old ward ;—here I lay, and thus I bo
my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,

P. Henry. What, four ? thou said'st but two, ev
now.

Fal. Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thr
at me. I made me no more ado, but took all th
seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven ? why, there were but four, ev
now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain elf

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone ; we shall h
more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. Th
nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd
close, came in foot and hand ; and, with a thoug
seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men gro
out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three mis
gotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, a
let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that th
could'st not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that beg
them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. W
th

thou clay-brain'd guts ; thou knotty-pated fool ; thou
shoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not
he truth, the truth ?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men
a Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st
not see thy hand ; come, tell us your reason, What
hath'st thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the
rappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not
tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on com-
pulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I
could give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this
ingine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back break-
er, this huge hill of flesh ;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd
cat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for
death to utter what is like thee !—you tailor's yard,
you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck ;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it
again : and when thou hast tired thyself in base com-
parisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four ; you
pound them, and were masters of their wealth.—
Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—
Then did we two set on you four : and, with a word,
out-faced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and
can shew it you here in the house :—and, Falstaff,
you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick
dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and
roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art
thou,

thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done ; and then say, it was in fight ? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack ; What trick hast thou now ?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : Was it for me to kill the heir apparent ? Should I turn upon the true prince ? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life ; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors ; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallant boys, lads, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

P. Henry. Content ;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah ! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess ? what say'st thou to me ?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you : he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he ?

Host.

Hosf. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?

—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll fend him packing. *[Exit.]*

P. Henry. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—
 I did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are
 lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not
 touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came
Malstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said,
 he would swear truth out of England, but he would
 make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded
 me to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass,
 to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our gar-
 ments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men.
 I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd
 to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack
 eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,
 and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou
 hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st
 away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you
 behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy year Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A play of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook. What, a plague call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horse-back up hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-coats more.

more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Henry. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyfes' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.
—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage;

carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore: and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-fucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Henry. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a

capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villanous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard. Exeunt Hostess, and BARDOLPH.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal.

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Hof. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.—

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINS.*]

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal :
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord : There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so : if he have robb'd these
He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell. [men]

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good morrow ; Is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as
Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath : Search
his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found ?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be : read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth
of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there
is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage :
there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the
morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall
be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of
foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve
score. The money shall be paid back again with ad-
vantage.

antage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and
to good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Archdeacon of BANGOR's House,*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
GLENDOWER.

Mortimer.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning creffets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward. ●

Hot. Why, so it would have done

At

At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on
And not in fear of your nativity. [fire

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:—
I will

will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad,

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:

but will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil, by telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.— If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, and I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our
According to our three-fold order ta'en? [right,

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably
(A business that this night may execute),

To-morrow,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
Within that space, [*To GLENDOWER.*] you may have
drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lord
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth

Mort. Yea, but mark,
How he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court:
There, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by
I'll haste the writer, and, withal, [night:

Break with your wives of your departure hence:

I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,

With

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, humph!—and well
go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith he does :
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood

(A

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you),
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; Good manners be your
speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars. [you,

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt
Shall follow in your conduct speedily. [Percy,

[GLENDOWER *speaks to his daughter in Welsh,*
and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd
One that no persuasion can do good upon. [harlotry,

[Lady M. *speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parly would I answer thee.

[The Lady again in Welsh.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation :

But I will never be a truant, love,

'Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

'Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down;
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy
lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays*]

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical
for, you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still
ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in
Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot.

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welch lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

[Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not you, in good sooth ; and, As true as I live ; and, As God shall mend me ; and, As sure as day : and givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours ; and so come in when ye will. *[Exit.]*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer ; you are as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this, our book is drawn ; we'll but seal,

And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The Presence Chamber in Windsor.

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,

Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall,
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bawin wits,

Soon kindled, and soon burnt : carded his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey ; and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckow is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall, hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then

When

When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars, in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much degenerate thou art.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it,
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may save
The long-gown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this;—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster; [day;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Boar's-Head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church:

church : Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little, dined, not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times ; lived well and in good compass : and now I live out of all order out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, By this fire : but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking
with

with thee in a night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir
John,

John, for your diet, and by drinkings and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it ; let him pay.

Hofl. He ? alas, he is poor ; he hath nothing.

Fal. How ! poor ? look upon his face ; What call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks ; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd ? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hofl. O Jesu ! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How ! the prince is a Jack, a sneap-cup ; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS, marching ; and FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

How now, lad ? is the wind in that door, i'faith ? must we all march ?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Hofl. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly ? How does thy husband ? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hofl. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack ?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd : this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack ?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds

bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hast. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whorson, impudent, imboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry.

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : Go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd ?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous ; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John ; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Pains, to horse, to horse ; for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.— Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon :
There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARD.*

Fal. Rare words !—brave world !—Hostess, my
breakfast ; come :—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum ! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hotspur.

WELL said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas' have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well :—

Enter

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mef. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mef. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mef. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mef. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it :—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good : for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope ;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion :
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in :
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Nor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all fight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather,

I, rather, of his absence make this use ;
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprize,
 Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
 The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
 And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
 All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind ;
 Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—

Rise

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March.
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.—
 O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily:
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a fouled gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than

than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye has seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villain march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY, and WESTMORELAND.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal.

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to tofs; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; mercy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life
 (And I dare well maintain it with my life),
 If well-respected honour bid me on,
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives :—
 Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
 Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much
 Being men of such great leading as you are,
 That you foresee not what impediments
 Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
 That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
 In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
 The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
 For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[*The trumpets sound a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
 If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; And would to
 God,
 You were of our determination !
 Some of us love you well : and even those some
 Envy your great deservings, and good name ;

Because

Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty !
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty : If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. [king
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears :
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore :
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace ;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;

H

Attended

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs ; as pages followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth :
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
'This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :
And in conclusion, drove us to seek out

This

This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *York. The Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir MICHAEL.

York. Hie, good sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord marshal ;
This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest
To whom they are directed : if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

York. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch : For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland
(Whose power was in the first proportion),
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence
(Who with them was a rated finew too,

And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies),—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there. [Percy,

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms. [oppos'd.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well

York. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp at Shrewsbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Lord JOHN of
LANCASTER, Earl of WESTMORELAND, Sir WAL-
TER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. Henry.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer

Above

Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER, and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it ! how comes it
then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house ;

And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time ; You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The feat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time :
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand :
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly

Out

Out of your fight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in our younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his life ;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
This present enterprize set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation ;
And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,

We love our people well; even those we love,

That are misled upon your cousin's part:

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do:—But if he will not yield,

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

And they shall do their office. So, be gone;

We will not need be troubled with reply:

We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER, and VERNON.*]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to him
For, on their answer, will we set on them: [charge]
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him
before his day. What need I be so forward with him
that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour
pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me on
when

when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg?
No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a
wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then?
No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word,
honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckon-
ing!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday.
Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it
sensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live
with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer
it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere
patecheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II. HOTSPUR's Camp.

Enter WORCESTER, and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
the liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespasss may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:

All

All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 'Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, and DOUGLAS ; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;—Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Ex.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,—
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have throw
 A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it ;
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stept forth before th
 And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight. [*king*]

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;
 And that no man might draw short breath to-day,

B

ut I, and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
low shew'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
unless a brother should a brother dare
to gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
He trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
He poke your deservings like a chronicle ;
He taking you ever better than his praise,
He still dispraising praise, valued with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
Here did he pause : But let me tell the world,—
He out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
In his follies ; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty :—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
Will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed :—And fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen,

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
 Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking ; Only this—
 Let each man do his best : and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now,—*Esperance !*—Percy !—and set on.—
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace :
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Plain near Shrewsbury.

The King entereth with his Power. Alarum to the Battle

Then enter DOUGLAS, and BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 Thou croffest me ? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. [thus,

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies

Hot. Where? [the king.

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know, this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—
there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as
I hot

hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive: and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O, Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not—if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Lord JOHN of LANCASTER, and the Earl of WEST-MORELAND.

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this;

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince JOHN, and WEST.]

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lan.* I did not think thee lord of such a spirit; *[Lan-]*

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads;
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Henry. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves
at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art
Never to hold it up again! the spirits [like
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.

If

If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas
Gawfey. [Exit.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; And 'would to heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from

And all the budding honours on thy crest [thee ;

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls
down as if he were dead. PERCY is wounded and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :

I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for,— [Dies]

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,
great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a shew of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—

Imbowell'd

Balth. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Law. Stay then, I'll go alone: Fear comes upon
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing. [me;

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Law. Romeo?—

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?—
The lady stirs.

Jul. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar! where is
my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Law. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay
no longer.

[*Exit.*
Jul.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away:—
 What's here, a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
 O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
 To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative, [*Kisses him*]
 Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise!—then I'll be brief.—O happy
 dagger! [*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*]
 This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let
 me die.

Enter. Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
 doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the
 church-yard;
 Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful fight! here lies the county slain;—
 And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
 Go, tell the prince,——run to the Capulets,——
 Raise up the Montagues,——some others search:—
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie:
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
 the church-yard.

1 Watch.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come
hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAWRENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and
weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET, &c.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry——Romeo,
Some——Juliet, and some——Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo! his house
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mpn. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.——
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Law. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
this.

Law. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You

You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleepy potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back : then all alone,
 At the prefix'd hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But, when I came (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking), here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience !
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this
 Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
 Where's

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did;
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words;
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal,
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by ;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit.]*

Fal. [Rising slowly.] Imbowell'd ! if thou imbowell
me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat
me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counter-
feit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and
ot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : To
lie, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counter-
feit of a man, who hath not the life of a man : but to
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be
so counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life
indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion ; in
the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds,
I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be
lead : How if he should counterfeit too, and rise ?
I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit.
Therefore I'll make him sure : yea, and I'll swear I
kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? No-
thing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.—
Therefore, firrah, *[Stabbing him.]* with a new wound
in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes HOTSPUR on his back.]

Re-enter Prince HENRY, and JOHN of LANCASTER.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast
thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft ! whom have we here ?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead ?

P. Henry. I did ; I saw him dead, breathless and
On the ground. *[bleeding]*

Art thou alive ? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight ? I pr'ythee, speak ;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears :—

Thou

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If it may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John—

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE

SCENE V. *Another part of the Field.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Lord JOHN of LANCASTER, Earl of WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, Prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Disuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoidèd it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon
Other offenders we will pause upon.— [too;

[*Exeunt WORCESTER, and VERNON, guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Henry. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, [saw
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruise'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This

This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains,—that we divide our
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself—and you, son Harry—will towards Wales
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt*]

END OF PART I.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FABLE AND COMPOSITION OF THE

FIRST PART OF

HENRY IV.

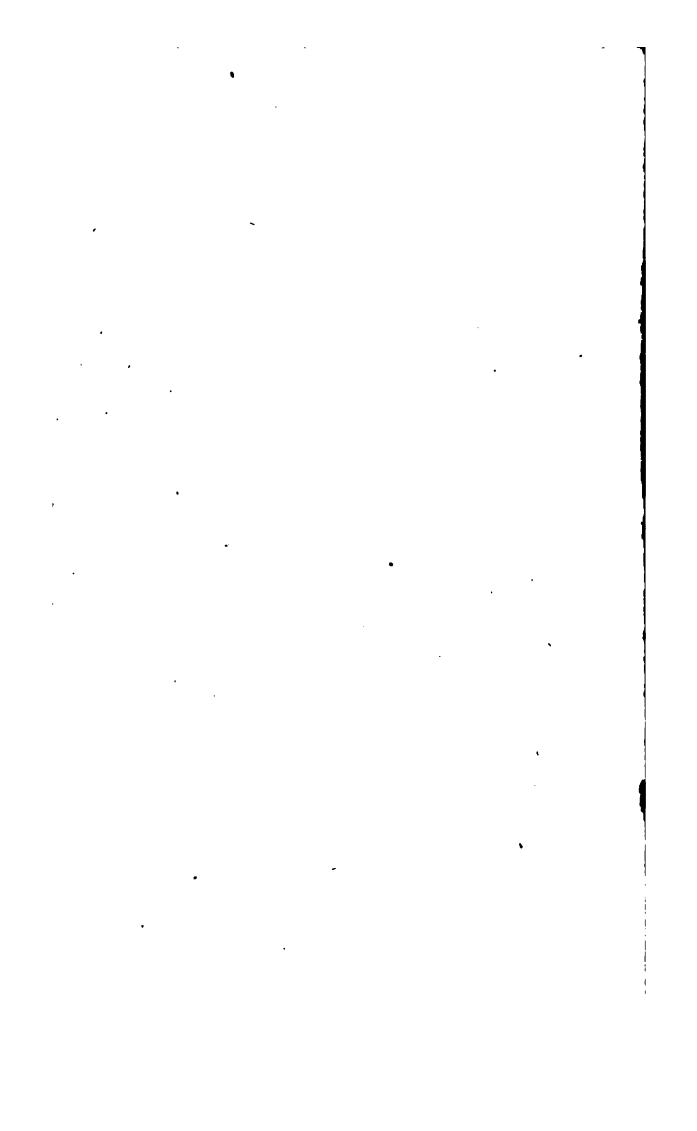
THE transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald, earl Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown-Hill) which battle was fought on Holy-rood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of St Mary Magdalene) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

STEEVENS.

Shakespeare has apparently design'd a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in his speech. The complaint made by King Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited.

JOHNSON.



As that of true and faithful Juliet. ;

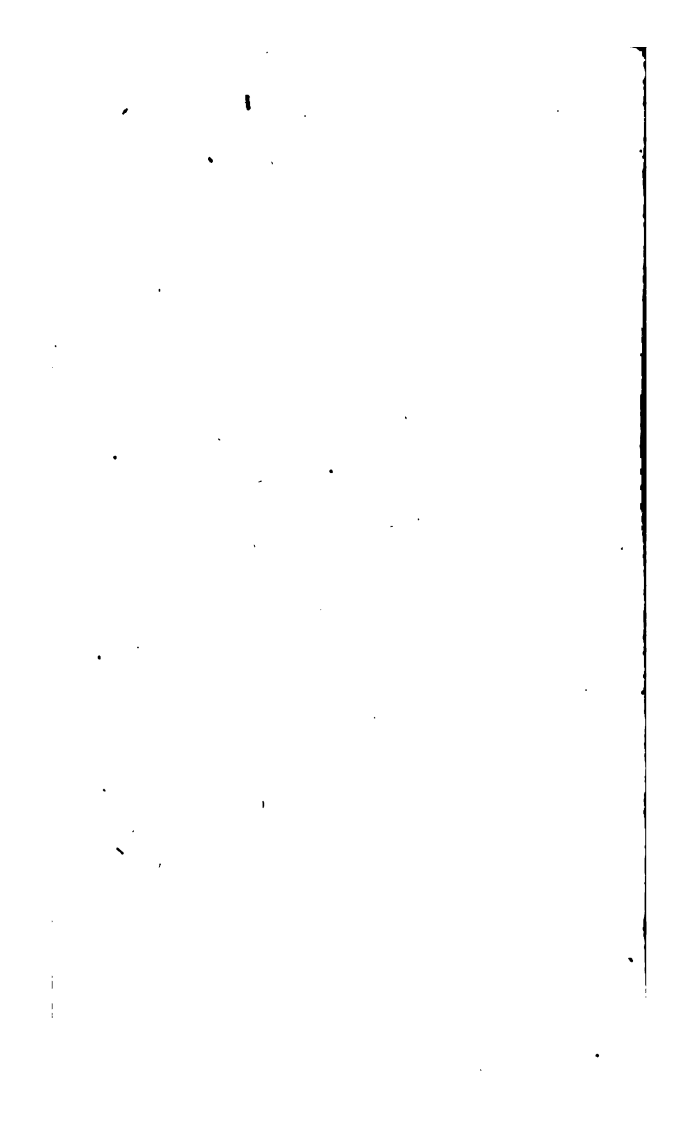
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

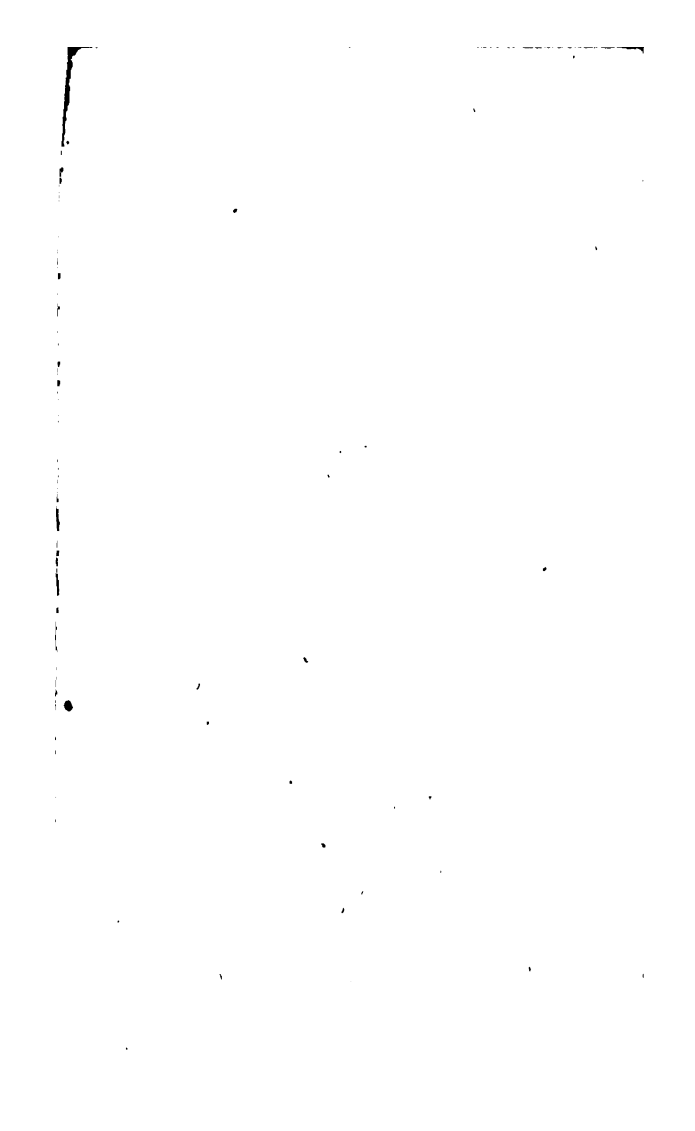
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings ;

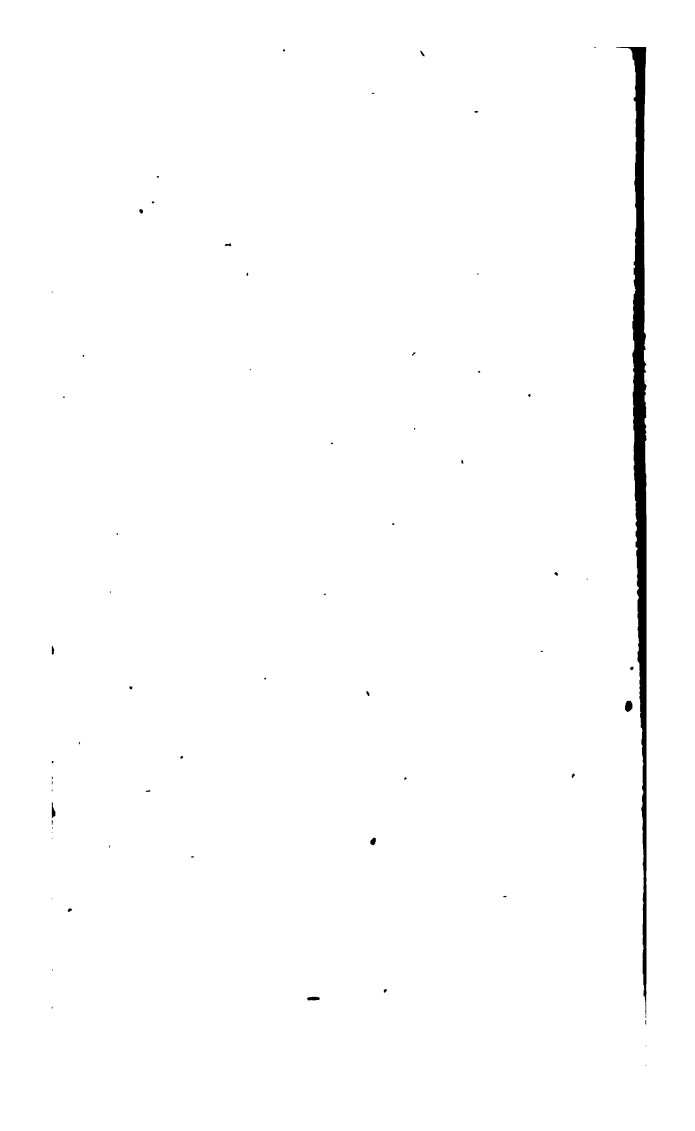
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Excunt omnes.*

THE END.







OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FABLE AND COMPOSITION OF THE

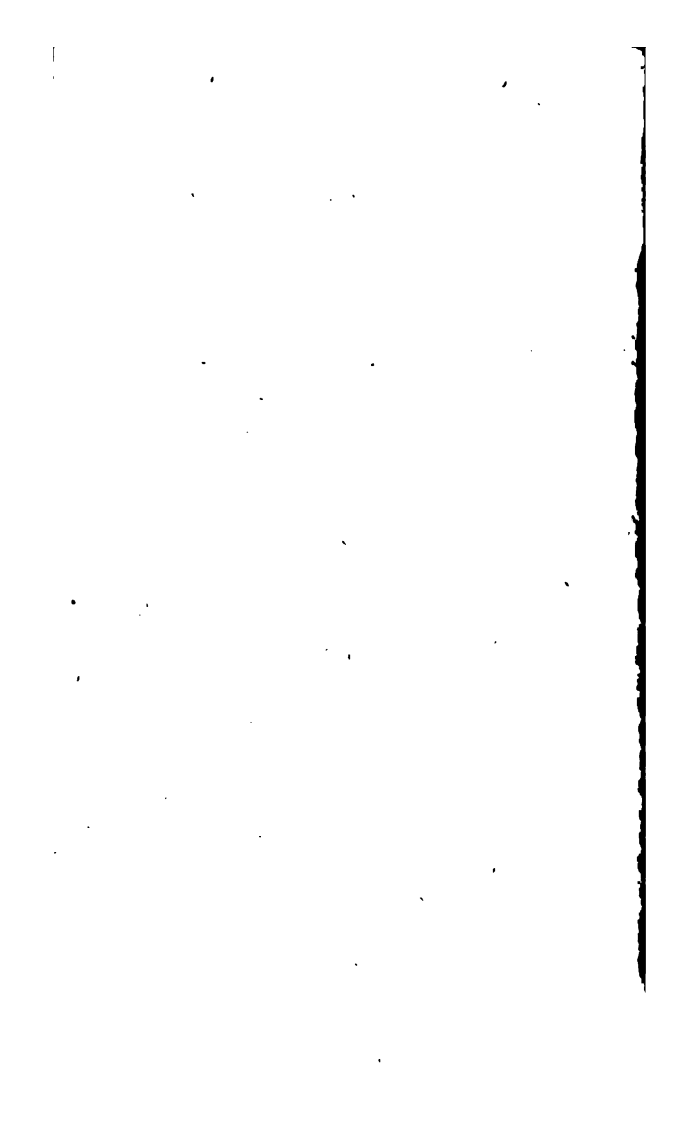
SECOND PART OF

HENRY IV.

THE transactions comprised in this history take-up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed ; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V. THEOBALD.

This play was enter'd at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

Mr Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true ; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true ; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first ; to be two only because they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.



INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues..

Rumour.

Open your ears ; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks ?
From the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual flanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ;
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?
I run before king Harry's victory ;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first ? my office is

INDUCTION.

*To noise abroad—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: From Rumour's tongue
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs*

[*Exit*]

**SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King,*

JOHN, *Duke of Bedford,*

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster,*

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence,*

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York,*

Lord MOWBRAY,

Lord HASTINGS,

Lord BARDOLPH;

Sir JOHN COLEVILE,

TRAVERS,

MORTON,

Earl of WARWICK,

Earl of WESTMORELAND,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

Lord Chief Justice,

FALSTAFF, POINS, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO, and

PAGE.

SHALLOW, and SILENCE, *Country Justices.*

DAVY, *Servant to Shallow.*

PHANG, and SNARE, *two Serjeants.*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULCALF,
Recruits.

WOMEN.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY,

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.,

SCENE, *England,*

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I. NORTHUMBERLAND's castle, at *Warkworth*.

The Porter at the gate ; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bardolph.

WHO keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute
Should be the father of some stratagem: [now
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,

Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brayn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
A gentleman well bred, and of good name, [thence
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
On Tuesday last to listen after news. [from

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurting hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade

Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
Give then such instances of loss? [Travers,

Bard. Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON,

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a tittle-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:

But

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton:
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead:
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Barcl. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:

But

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Lend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd;
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp),
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly quoin,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spight dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your
honour.

Mor. The lives of all your living complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said—
Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable

Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;
Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one ;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,— [lord,
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight :
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion :
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;

Tells them, he doth beset a bleeding land,
Gasp'g for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me ; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. A street in London.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water : but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me : The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whore-son mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate 'till now : but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chip is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner

sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal : God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet ; he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the fatten for my short cloak, and slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph : he would not take his bond and yours ; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton ! may his tongue be hotter !—A whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally sea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security !—The whoreson smooth-faces do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratfennel in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield : an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horsed, and wived.

Enter Lord Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that
which

which grows to me ! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me ; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd : You hunt-counter, hence ! avaunt !

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord !—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad ; I heard say, your lordship was sick : I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time ; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty :—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into the same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him ! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief ; from study, and perturbation of the brain : I have read the cause of his effects in Galen ; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well ; rather, an't

please you, it is the disease of not listening, the maulady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round

round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hol-laing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death
with

with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Would your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice, and Servants.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout, or a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.

SCENE

SCENE III. The Archbishop of York's palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS,
MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know
our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth
thus ;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point ;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
'Till we had his assistance by the hand :
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war ;—
Indeed the instant action (a cause on foot)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up), should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

A naked

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation ;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand

Hast. To us, no more ; nay, not so much, but
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads, one power against the French,
And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
Must take up us : So is the unarm'd king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
And come against us in full puissance, [together,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on ;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause

Didst

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be?
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud London he came sighing on
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
 [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A street in London.*

Enter Hostess; PHANG, and his Boy, with her; and
 SNARE following.

Hostess.

MASTER Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
 Will a' stand to't?

C

Phang.

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hof. O lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Hof. Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Hof. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly in good faith: a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foine like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman; nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hof. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;—

Hof. I am undone by his going; I warrant you he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continually to Pye-corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a fiddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lombard street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray you, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Wonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Phang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Hos. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue! a rescue!

Hos. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Page. Away, you scullion! you rampallion! you sustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hos. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow ; Wherefore hang'st thou on
him ?

Hofst. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Hof. It is more than for some, my lord ; it is for all, all I have : he hath eaten me out of house and home ; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his :—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, fir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hofl. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, ~~when she~~ ^{when she} was gone down stairs, desire me to be n ⁱⁿ familiarity with

with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'fy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower ; What news ?

Gow. The king, mylord, and Harry prince of Wales
Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;——

Hof. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;——Come, no more
words of it.

Hof. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must
be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of
my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for
thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of
the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,
is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these
fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst.
Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a
better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and
draw thy action : Come, thou must not be in this
humour with me ; dost not know me ? Come, come,
I know thou wast set on to this.

Hof. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles ;
i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone ; I'll make other shift : you'll be
a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my
gown. I hope, you'll come to supper : You'll pay
me all together ?

Fal. Will I live ?—Go, with her, with her ; [*To*
BARD.] hook on, hook on.

Hof. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at
supper ?

Fal.

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, &c.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. *Continues in London.**Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.**P. Henry.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.*P. Henry.* Faith, it does me; though it discolour the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely staid, as to remember so weak a composition.*P. Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennish court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low cloth of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made shift to call up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault: whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?*P. Henry.*

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher reeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing but you will tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say

say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH, and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Henry. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [*To the Page.*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through the red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and, most thought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's-worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well; there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight,*—Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Henry. Nay they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. Sir *John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him), Jack Falstaff, with my familiars;*
John,

John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Fare ye well ; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, and Page.*]
—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some head.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between saint Alban's and London.

Fal. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Warkworth Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake go not to these wars!
'The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

D

Who

Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven : and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait :
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
'To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
'That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !
O miracle of men !—him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you),
'To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible :—so you left him :
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
'To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him ; let them alone ;
'The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong :
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart.
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient overlooks.

But

But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel, [king,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height, [mind,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back;—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
'Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there?
apple-Johns? thou know'st, sir John cannot endure an
apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true: The prince once
set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there
were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said,
I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old,

with'er'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch:—The room where they supp'd, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Pains anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old utis: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. Sweet-heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvelous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say—What's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court—*Empty the jordan—*And was a worthy king:* How now, mistress Doll

[*Exit Drawer*]

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm they are sick.

Doll

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely:—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Hosf. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jere! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To Doll.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead! there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best :—Shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here : I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now :—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John ; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me ; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day ; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he ;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then ;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil ; for, faith he, you are in an ill name ;*—now he said so, I can tell whereupon ; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here ;—you would bless you to hear what he said :—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, he ; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy greyhound : he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater : but I do not love swaggering ; by my troth I am the worse, when one

says

Host.—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake: look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, wi
vo points on your shoulder? much!

I will murder your ruff for this.

No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off
be charge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host.

Hof. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater art thou not a sham'd to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mould-stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes. A captain! the villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort'd: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph—
—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, traitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Hof. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia, [horses]
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient : this will grow to a
awl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs ; give crowns like pins ;
have we not Hiren here ?

Hof. O' my word, captain, there's none such here.
What the good-jere ! do you think, I would deny
er ? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis :
ome, give's some sack.

fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.—

ear we broad-sides ? no, let the fiend give fire :
live me some sack ;—and, sweet-heart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*

ome we to full points here ; and are *et cetera*'s no-
thing ?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif : What ! we
ave seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs ; I cannot endure
uch a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs ! know we not Gal-
oway nags ?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat
hillling : nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he
hall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What ! shall we have incision ? shall we im-
rew ?

[*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days !

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the silfers three ! Come, Atropos, I say !

Hof. Here's goodly stuff toward !

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL*

Hof. Here's a goodly tumult ! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So ; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt PISTOL, and BARDOLPH*

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet ; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you !

Hof. Are you not hurt i' the groin ? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors ?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk : you have humbled him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal ! to brave me !

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st ? Come, let me wipe thy face—come on, you whoreson chops :—Ah, rogue ! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies : Ah, villain !

Fal. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart : if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play ;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee.

Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church.
Thou

ou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,
en wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining
ights, and begin to patch up thine old body for
wen?

*ter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised
like Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's
id; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have
de a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit
is thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more
beet in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and
plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;
drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and
kes the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon
st-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears
boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;
breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories:
such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a
ak mind and an able body, for the which the prince
mits him: for the prince himself is such another;
weight of a hair will turn the scale between their
ardupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have
ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his
claw'd like a parrot.

Poins,

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kifs me, Doll.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, like a man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; like a note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a fower young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we go to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt fet me a weeping, and thou say'st so: prove that ever I drefs myself handsome 'till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, fir. [*Advancing*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continent, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, fir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hof. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord blefs thy sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—
by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art wel-
come.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

Doll. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your re-
venge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not
the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how
vilely did you speak of me even now, before this ho-
nest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hofl. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is,
by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did
when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew, I was
at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my pa-
tience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou
wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the
wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Henry. Not! to dispraise me;—and call me
pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned,
none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the
wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which
doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a
true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it.
No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear, and entire
cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous
gentlewoman

gentlewoman to clofe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? Is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honeſt Bardolph, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—ſhe is in hell already, and burns, poor ſoul! For the other,—I owe her money, and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What ſays your grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Weſtminſter; And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts, Come from the North: and, as I came along,

I met,

met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
and asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to
blame,

to idly to profane the precious time ;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
and drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak ;—Falstaff, good night.

[*Excunt P. HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARD.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd.
[*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door? [*Re-
enter BARD.*] How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ; a
lozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—
farewel, hostess ;—farewel, Doll.—You see, my good
wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the un-
leserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd
on. Farewel, good wenches :—If I be not sent away
lost, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak ;—If my heart be not ready
to burst :—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, farewell. [*Excunt FAL. and BARD.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee
these twenty-nine years come good-time ; but an ho-
nester, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to
my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll. [*Excunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The palace.*

Enter King HENRY in his night-gown, with a Page

K. Henry.

Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick :
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them : Make good speed.—

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep !—O sleep, O gentle sleep !
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?

Canst

inst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 to the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 and, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 with all appliances and means to boot,
 deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK, and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why, then, good morrow to you all.
 My lords,

have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our
 kingdom

how foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
 and with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
 With good advice, and little medicine:—
 My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the book
 And see the revolution of the times [of fate;
 Make mountains level, and the continent
 (Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
 Into the sea! and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone,
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,
 Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
 (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember),

[To WARWICK]

When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—*
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
 The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption;—so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.*

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie entresured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,

That

That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Lumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Justice SHALLOW's Seat in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW, and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCalf, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squeale, a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither now about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil.

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your own living yet?

Sil. Dead, fir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve core; and carry'd you a fore-hand shaft a' fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of fir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, fir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, fir, commends him to you; my captain, fir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, fir; I knew him a good back-sword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, fir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were,

were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby, he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, hat are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In lish, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[*To SHALLOW.*

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you ould have let me alone: my old dame will be undone ow, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: ou need not to have prick'd me; there are other en fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside; Know you here you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me e;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: e's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's adow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the ale: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the ther's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;— r we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster- ook.

Shal.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is but upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: I will not prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as a wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I can put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir,

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf, 'till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart.

She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. and SIL.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a
base

base mind :—an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so :
No man's too good to serve his prince : and, let it go
which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for
the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you :—I have three pound
to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and
Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bullcalf :—For you, Mouldy,
stay at home 'till you are past service :—and, for your
part, Bullcalf,—grow 'till you come unto it ; I will none
of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong ;
they are your likeliest men, and I would have you
serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to
choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the
stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man ! Give me
the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart ;—you see
what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you,
and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's
hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gib-
bets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-
faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man ; he presents
no mark to the enemy ; the foe-man may with as

great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife : And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Wart, traverse ; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So :—very well :—go to :—very good :—exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot.—Well said, i'faith, Wart ; thou'rt a good scab : hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's-inn), I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's shew, there was a-little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus : and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : *rah, tab, tab,* would 'a say ; *bounce,* would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come :—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you :—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the foldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and fend us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. . On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits,*

Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these offices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exeunt.*

F 3.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWERAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Archbishop.

WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers
To know the numbers of our enemies. [forth]

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
And dash themselves to pieces. [ground,

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mef. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch.

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands,
Briefly, to this end :—We are all diseas'd ;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
'Troop in the throngs of military men :
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood), and the examples
Of every minute's instance (present now),
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,

Concurring

Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the common-wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing courfers daring off the spur,

Their

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know
not what:

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident

To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:—
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
 A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear, and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
 I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
 For this contains our general grievances:—[schedule;
 Each several article herein redress'd;
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,
 That are insinew'd to this action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial form;
 And present execution of our wills
 To us, and to our purposes consign'd;
 We come within our awful banks again,
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,
 In sight of both our battles we may meet:
 And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
 Or, to the place of difference call the swords
 Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit WEST.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
 That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
 Upon

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is
weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,

May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true :—

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, &c.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text ;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

G

That

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them,

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time mis-order'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Morb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To

To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt ;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
And so, success of mischief shall be born ;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
To sound the bottom of the after-times. [shallow,

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well ;
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer.] and deliver to
the army

This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
I know, it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace, [pains

You would drink freely : but my love to you
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark,
how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit WEST.*]
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, mylord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another part of the forest.

Enter FALSTAFF, and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition
are you ; and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a knight, sir ; and my name is—Colevile
of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, &c.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come:—
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered
nine.

thine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken fir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-hosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her: believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt some with COLEVILL.*]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Glostershire; and, when you come to court,
stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better
than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young
sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man can-
not make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks
no wine. There's never any of these demure boys
come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool
their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they
fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then,
when they marry, they get wenches: they are gene-
rally fools and cowards;—which some of us should
be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack
hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into
the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull,
and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it appre-
hensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and
delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice
(the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent
wit.

rit. The second property of your excellent sherris
s,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold
and fettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the
edge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris
warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to
the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as
a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little
kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital common-
ers, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their
captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with
this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour
comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing,
without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a
mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; 'till sack com-
mences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes
it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like
lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and
filled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and
good store of fertile sherris; that he has become very
hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first
human principle I would teach them, should be,—to
forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to
sack.

Enter BARDOLPH,

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and
there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I
have him already tempering between my finger and
my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come
away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The palace at Westminster.*

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY
WARWICK, and others.*

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give success
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, [ful
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitute in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us, 'till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother ?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord.

K. Henry. And how accompanied ? [at Windsor

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence
with him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in presence

Clare. What would my lord and father ? [here.

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother ?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between

between his greatness and thy other brethren :—
 Therefore omit him not ; blunt not his love ;
 or lose the good advantage of his grace,
 y seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 or he is gracious, if he be observ'd ;
 he hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 open as day for melting charity :
 yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;
 as humorous as winter, and as sudden
 as flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
 hide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 Then you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 but, being moody, give him line and scope ;
 till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

and thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
 a hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
 that the united vessel of their blood,
 tingled with venom of suggestion
 As, force perforce, the age shall pour it in),
 shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 as aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cl. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas ?

Cl. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell
 that ?

Cl. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
 and he, the noble image of my youth,
 is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
 Stretches

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with mine ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers : and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave
her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign ! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver !
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand :
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law ;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.

The

The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read ;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !
The earl of Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort your majesty !

Cla. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs :—

H

The

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [hence

[*They convey the king to an inner part of the room.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none
How doth the king? [abroad

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick

With

Vith joy, he will recover without physick.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince,
speak low;

'he king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Gla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Wilt please your grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the
king. *[Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.]*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
So many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Moors out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of thy blood:

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me : This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit]

K. Henry. Warwick ! Gloster ! Clarence !

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call ?

War. What would your majesty ? How fares your grace ?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my lord ?

Cla. We left the prince, my brother here, my liege
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The prince of Wales ? Where is he ?
 He is not here. [me see him]

War. This door is open ; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where
 we stay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the crown ? who took it from
 my pillow ?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The prince hath ta'en it hence :—
 seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death ?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick ; chide him hither.

[Exit WARWICK]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you

How quickly nature falls into revolt, [and]

When gold becomes her object !

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with

Their bones with industry ; [can]

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

He canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;
 Or this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts, and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets ;
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Field his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me ?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the
 crown ?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry :—
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Lords, &c.]

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. *[thought:]*
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
 Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind;
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity:
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scam:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle off restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. Henry. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my
 tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending !
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;
 And never live to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable :
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head ;*

To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head !
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Henry. O my son !

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the foil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered :
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument ; and now my death
Changes the mode : for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort :
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Henry. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be :
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, &c.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father !

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,
son John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From

From this bare, wither'd trunk ; upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick !

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God !—even there my life must
It hath been prophesy'd to me many years, [ends

I should not die but in Jerusalem ;

Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land :—

But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. SHALLOW's Seat in Gloucestershire.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shallow.

By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—
What, Davy, I say !

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you ; you shall not be excused ;
excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall
serve ; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy !

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy ; let
me see :—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come
hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy.

Davy. Marry, fir, thus ;—those precepts cannot be served : and, again, fir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat ?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook ;—Are there no young pigeons ?

Davy. Yes, fir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid :—fir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, fir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had :—And, fir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

Shal. He shall answer it :—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legg'd hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, fir ?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well ; A friend ' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy ; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, fir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, fir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor ; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, fir : but yet, God forbid, fir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, fir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave

is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit*

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARD. and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-slaves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblance and coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by only serving him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing of

fix fashions (which is four terms, or two actions),
and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much,
at a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad
row, will do with a fellow that never had the ache
his shoulders ! O, you shall see him laugh 'till his
re be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John !

Fal. I come, master Shallow ; I come, master
hallow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Court, in London.*

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice ? whither

Ch. Just. How doth the king ? [*away ?*

War. Exceeding well ; his cares are now all ended,

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature ;
and, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with
his service that I truly did his life, [*him ;*
hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not ; and do arm myself,
to welcome the condition of the time ;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me
than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, &c.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :
that the living Harry had the temper
of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,

I

That

That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas ! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend,
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face [indeed
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to
You stand in coldest expectation : [find,

I am the forrier ; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak fir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in hope
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ; [now,
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.—

If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY.

Ch. Just. Good morrow ; and heaven save your
majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;
This is the English, not the Turkish court ;

Ne

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry : Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you ;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad :
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too ;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Let weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I :
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—and you
most ;

[*To the Ch. Just.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No ! How might a prince of my great hopes
forget

So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me ;
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son:
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
 After this cold consideration, sentence me;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
 Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 'Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son:
 And not less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me:
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;

With this remembrance,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, 'till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the Chief Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And (God consigning to my good intents)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *SHALLOW's Seat in Gloucestershire.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah! quoth-a,—we shall

*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing—
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [*Seating BARD. and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon;—most sweet
sir,

fir, fit.—Master Page, good master Page, fit: proface!
What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But
 you must bear; The heart's all. [*Exit.*]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little
 soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [Singing.
 For women are sbrews, both sbort and tall:
 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
 And welcome merry sbrove-tide.
 Be merry, be merry, &c.*

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a
 man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once,
 ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.
 [*Setting them before BARD.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.
 [*To BARD.*]**—**A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine, [Singing.
 And drink unto the leman mine;
 And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the
 sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come;
 I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st
 any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—
 Welcome,

Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the masse, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, fir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, fir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right,

[*Singing.*

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, fir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist.

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men
in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff
of Barfon.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times; and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of
this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Singing.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with
news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways;
either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir,
under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth :
When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What ! is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune:

Pist. What ? I do bring good news ?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots ; we'll ride all night :—O, sweet Pistol :—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow ; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !
Where is the life that late I led, say they :
Why, here it is ; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A street in London.

Enter Hostess QUICKLY, DOLL TEAR-SHEET, and Beadler.

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1. Beadler,

I Beadle. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Hof. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

I Beadle. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottle-rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

I Beadle. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

Hof. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Hof. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Hof. Thou atomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

Beadles. Very well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A public place near Westminster-Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom.

Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor shew doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him,

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

in base durance, and contagious prison ;
 haul'd thither
 by most mechanical and dirty hand :—
 Louze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alesto's
 snake,

For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her. *[The trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor
 sounds.

*Enter the King, and his Train, the Lord Chief Justice
 among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal ! my royal Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal
 imp of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis
 you speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy prayers ;
 How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandizing ; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men :—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was :

For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self ;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

K

Approach

Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
 'Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you ;
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [*Exeunt King, and his Train*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John ; which I beseech you
 to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not
 you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to
 him : look you, he must seem thus to the world.
 Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet,
 that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me
 your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech
 you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my
 thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that
 you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come,
 lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph ;—I shall be sent
 for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;
 Take all his company along with him.

Fal.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt,*

Manent Prince JOHN, and Chief Justice.

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's;
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, 'till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

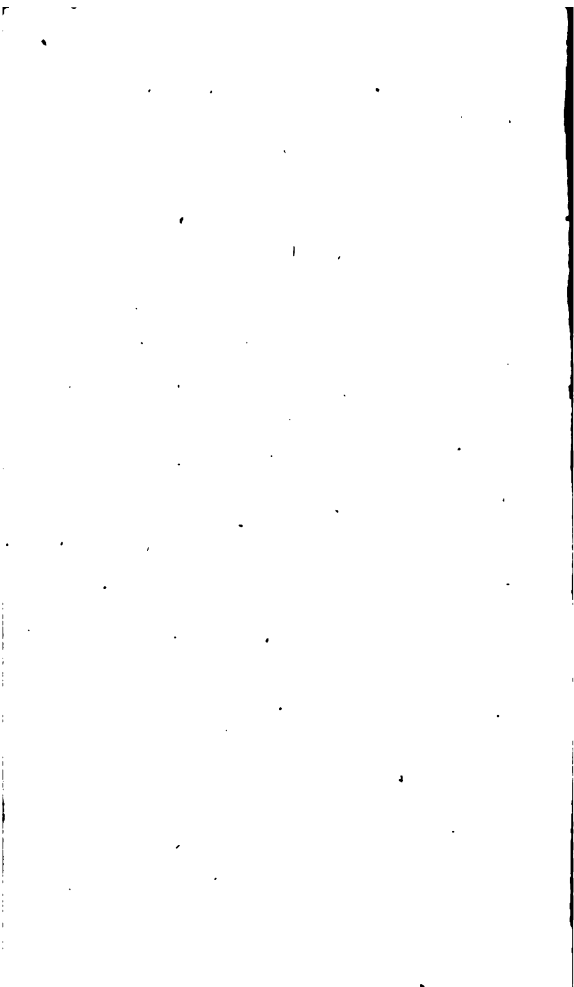
Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my

Ch. Just. He hath. [lord.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt,*

THE END.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FABLE AND COMPOSITION OF THE *MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.*

OF this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted at the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by shewing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakespeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him, who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost

most wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient ; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience ; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator, who did not think it too soon at an end. JOHNSON.



MERRY WIVES OF WINDSEN



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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*

SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*

Mr PAGE, } *Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
Mr FORD, }

Sir HUGH EVANS, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr CAIUS, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

NYM.

ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*

WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Mr Page*

SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *Servant to Dr Caius.*

WOMEN.

Mrs PAGE.

Mrs FORD.

Mrs ANNE PAGE, *Daughter to Mr Page, is lodg'd with Fenton.*

Mrs QUICKLY, *Servant to Dr Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, *Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Before PAGE's house in Windsor.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shallow.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not : I will make a Star-chamber matter of it : if he were twenty fir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cuslalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratalorum* too ; and a gentleman born, master parson ; who writes himself *armigero* ; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armi-gero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do ; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't ; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may : they may give the dozen white lues in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well ; it agrees well, passant : it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish ; the salt fish is an old coat.

Sen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot: there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Sen. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandfire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Sen.

Slen. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman ; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page : is Falstaff there ?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie ? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false ; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John is there ; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers, I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa ? Got pless your house here !

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there ?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow : and here is young master Slender ; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's well : I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you ; Much good do it your good heart ! I wish'd your venison better ; it was ill kill'd :—How doth good mistress Page ?—and I thank you always with my heart, la ; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you : by yea and no, I do

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

A 3

Slen.

Slan. How does your fallow greyhound, fir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotfale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, fir.

Slan. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, fir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is fir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redres'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes fir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage:—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Barboloph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace:—I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is, master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ears*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Eva. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two-pence a piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John,
and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word of denial in thy labra's here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, sir, and pass good humour: I
will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nut-
hook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it:
for though I cannot remember what I did when you
made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman
had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance
is!

Bard. And being sap, sir, was, as they say, ca-
shier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no
matter: I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but
in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be
drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of
God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen;
you hear it.

*Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistress FORD
and Mistress PAGE following.*

Rage. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll
drink within.

[Exit ANNE PAGE.
Slen.

Slen. O heaven ! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford ?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well
et : by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome :—
ome, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner ; come,
ntlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkind-
fs.——

[*Exeunt all but SHAL. SLEND. and EVANS.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my
ok of songs and sonnets here :——

Enter SIMPLE.

low now, Simple ; where have you been ; I must
ait on myself, must I ? You have not the book of
ddles about you, have you ?

Sim. Book of riddles ! why, did you not lend it to
lice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight
fore Michaelmas ?

Shal. Come, coz ; come, coz ; we stay for you.
word with you, coz : marry, this, coz ; There is,
'twere, a tender, a kind of a tender, made afar off
y fir Hugh here ;—Do you understand me ?

Slen. Ay, fir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it
e so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, fir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender : I will
escription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says :
pray you, pardon me ; he's a justice of peace in his
untry, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question ; the question is
oncerning your marriage.

Shal.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mis-trefs Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fault is in the 'ort *dissolutely*: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Shal.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—'Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne!

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at his grace. *[Ex. SHAL. and EVANS.]*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: *[Exit SIMP.]* A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead: But what though: yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veney's for a dish of stew'd prunes; and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel

quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir,

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter EVANS, and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go you ways, and ask of Dr Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp.

Simp. Well, fir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet :—give her this letter ; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page ; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page : I pray you, be gone ; I will make an end of my dinner ; there's pippins and cheese to come.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter——

Host. What says my bully-rook ? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules ; cashier : let them wag ; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph ; he shall draw, he shall tap : said I well, bully Hector ?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke ; let him follow : Let me see thee froth, and lime : I am at a word ; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him ; a tapster is a good trade : An old cloak makes a new jerkin ; a wither'd servingman, a fresher tapster : Go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd : I will thrive.

[*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

B

Pist.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight ! wilt thou the spigeon-wield ?

Nym. He was gotten in drink : Is not the humour conceited ? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox ; his thefts were too open ; his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call : Steal ! foli ; a fig for the phrase !

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy ; I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town ?

Pist. I ken the wight ; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol : Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about : but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife ; I spy entertainment in her ; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation : I can contrive the action of her familiar style ; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her will, and translated her will ; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep : Will that humour pass ?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse ; she hath a legion of angels.

Pist.

Pist. As many devils entertain ; and, To her, boy,
by I.

Nym. The humour rises ; it is good : humour me
he angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her : and here
nother to Page's wife ; who even now gave me good
yes too, examined my parts with most judicious ey-
iads : sometimes the beam of her view gilded my
oot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with
such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye
did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass ! Here's
another letter to her : she bears the purse too ; she is
a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be
cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers
to me ; they shall be my East and West Indies, and
I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter
to mistress Page ; and thou this to mistress Ford : we
will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I fir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel ? then Lucifer take all !

Nym. I will run no base humour : here, take the
humour letter ; I will keep the behaviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, firrah, bear you these letters tightly ;
Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.

[To ROBIN.

Rogues, hence, avaunt ! vanish like hail-stones, go ;
Trudge, plod away, o' the hoof ; seek shelter, pack !
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues ; myself, and skirted page.

[Exeunt FALSTAFF, and Boy.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts ! for gourd, and
fullam holds ;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor :
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk !

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ?

Nym. By welkin, and her star !

Pist. With wit, or steel ?

Nym. With both the humours, I :
I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford,

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool : I will incense
Ford to deal with poison : I will possess him with
yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous : that
is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents : I second
thee ; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Dr CAIUS's house.*

Enter Mrs QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and JOHN RUGBY.

Quic. What, John Rugby !——I pray thee, go to
the casement, and see if you can see my master,
master Doctor Caius coming ; if he do, i'faith, and
find any body in the house, here will be an old abu-
sing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

Quic. Go ; and we'll have a posset for't soon at
night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.

An

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but no body but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master Slender's your master?

Simp. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simp. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you?—oh, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Simp. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, a-down-a, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing: I do not like dese toys.
Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier*
verd; a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak?
a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found
the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud.*
Je m'en vai à la Cour—le grande affaire. [Aside.]

Quic. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mettez le au mon pocket; Dépêchez,*
quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack
Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after
my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me!
Qu'ay j'oublie? dere is some simples in my closet,
dat I yill not for the yarld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me! he'll find the young man there, and
be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—*Vil-
laine, Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[Pulls SIMPLE out of the closet.]

Quic. Goodmaster, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet?
dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic ; hear the path of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue :—Speak-a your tale.

Simp. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la ; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you !—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper : Tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy ;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can : and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Simp. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o'that ? you shall find it a great charge : And to be up early, and down late ;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear ; I would have no words of it), my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page ; but, notwithstanding that—I know Anne's mind—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape ; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh ; by gar, it is a shallenge : I vill cut his throat in de park ; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle

meddle or make :——you may be gone ; it is not good
you tarry here :——by gar, I will cut all his t
stones ; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw
his dog. [Exit SIMPLE.

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat :——do you not
tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?——
by gar, I vill kill de jack priest ; and I have appointed
mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon :——
by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well :
we must give folks leave to prate : What, the goujere!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me :——By
gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your
head out of door :——Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Ex. CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Quic. You shall have An fool's-head of your own.
No, I know Anne's mind for that : never a woman
in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do ;
nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house,
I pray you.

Enter Mr FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman ; how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship
to aik.

Fent. What news? How does pretty mistress Anne?

Quic. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,
and gentle ; and one that is your friend, I can tell
you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I
not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but
notwithstanding,

withstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart about your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, 'tis such another Nan;—but I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to merrily and musing: But for you—Well—go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit,*

Quic. Farewel to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit,*

ACT II

SCENE I. Before PAGE's house.

Enter Mistress PAGE with a letter.

Mrs Page,

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see;

Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his countenance : You are not young, no more am I ; go to then, there's sympathy : you are merry, so am I ; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy : you love sack, and so do I ; Would you desire better sympathy ? let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee ; I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase ; but I say, love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all my might,
For thee to fight.*

JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this ?—O wicked, wicked world !—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant ! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Fleishish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he does in this manner assay me ? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company !—What should I say to him ?—I was then frugal of my mirth :—heaven forgive me !—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him ? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs

Mrs Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to
 know the contrary.

Mrs Page. Faith, but you do in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could
 hew you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give
 me some counsel.

Mrs Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling
 respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour:
 What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal
 moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!
 —These knights will back; and so thou shouldst
 not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs Ford. We burn day-light!—here, read, read;
 —perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think
 the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to
 make difference of men's liking: And yet he would
 not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such
 orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness,
 that I would have sworn his disposition would have
 gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more
 adhere, and keep pace together, than the hundredth
 psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest,
 I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in
 his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be re-
 veng'd on him? I think, the best way were to enter-
 tain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have
 melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear
 the like?

Mrs Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of
 Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this
 mystery

mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more), and these are of the second edition: He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know none: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs Page. So will I; if he come under my hatch, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a shew of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villain against him, that may not sully the charnelness of honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look, where he comes; and a good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

II. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greasy
light: Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter FORD with PISTOL, PAGE with NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs:
John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and
poor young and old, one with another, Ford; [poor,
he loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.]

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
like sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
odious is thy name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do
sing.——

away, sir corporal Nym.——

believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit PISTOL.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [Speaking to PAGE.] And this is true; I like
not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in
my humours: I should have borne the humour'd
letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite
upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the
short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I
speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:——my name is
Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love
not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the
humour of it. Adieu. [Exit NYM.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George.—Hark you.

Mrs Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs Ford.*

Enter Mrs QUICKLY.

Mrs Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs PAGE, Mrs FORD, and Mrs QUICKLY.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host, and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[They go a little aside.]

Shal. *[To PAGE.]* Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. *[Exeunt Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.]*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose

not

not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a thong—to your manor of Pickthatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths,

under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; What wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say——

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quic. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal.

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford—

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort as they say), but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good the Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal.

Fal. Ten and eleven : Woman, commend me to her ; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship : Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too ;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous 'a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any in Windsor, whoe'er be the other : and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home ; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man ; surely, I think you have charms, la ! yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't !

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this : has Ford's wife and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me ?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed !—they have not a little grace, I hope :—that were a trick, indeed ! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves ; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page : and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ; and, truly, she deserves it ; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page ; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then : and, look you, he may come and go between you both ; and, in any case
have

have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY, and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Wilt they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

[*Enter BARDOLPH.*]

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, sir;

Fal.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [Exit BARDOLPH.]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in a better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man known long to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that

that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; see'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me,
yet,

yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittoly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made: Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only

D

receive

receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbasen, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aquavins bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page:—I will about it;—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Windfor-Park.*

Enter CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slender. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my *Æsculapius*? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, master Page, though I now be
D 2 old,

old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shewn yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de Englishman:—Scurvy-jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, began, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields; will it do well?

Shal.

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak
or a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but first, sheath thy impatience;
brow cold water on thy choler: go about the fields
with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where
mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and
hou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love
you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl,
le knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward
Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Frogmore.

Enter EVANS, and SIMPLE.

Evans.

PRAY you now, good master Slender's serving-
man, and friend Simple by your name, which way
have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself
Doctor of Physic?

D.3

Simp.

Simp. Marry, sir, the Pitty-wary, the Park-wary every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will all look that way.

Simp. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Plefs my soul! how full of cholers I am and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am!—I will know his urinals about this knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'plefs my soul!

[*Sings*]

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodjous birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand vagrant posies.*

By shallow——

Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Babylon——
And a thousand vagrant posies.*

By shallow——

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

By shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he

Simp. No weapons, sir: There comes my master Shallow, and another gentleman from more, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pleas you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upwards; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen.

Slcn. O, sweet Anne Page.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons :—Keep them afunder ;—here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear : Verefore vill you not meet-a me ?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience : In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to othor men's humours ; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends :—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable !*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jar-terre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good ! excellent !

Host. Peace, I say ; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? am I a Machiavel ? Shall I lose my doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson ? my priest ? my sir Hugh ? no ; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs,

o-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so :—Give me thy hand, celestial ; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both ; I have directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to lawn :—Follow me, had of peace ; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page !

[*Exeunt SHAL. SLEN. PAGE, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha ! do I perceive dat ? have you make-a-le sot of us ? ha, ha !

Eva. This is well ; he has made us his vlotting-log.—I desire you, that we may be friends ; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scald, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart ; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page : by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles ;—Pray you, follow.

SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, and ROBIN.

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader : Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels ?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O, you are a flattering boy ; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page : Whither go you?

Mrs Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife ; Is she at home ?

Ford. Ay ; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company : I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickins his name is my husband had him of : What do you call your knight's name, sirrah ?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff !

Mrs Page. He, he : I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! —Is your wife at home, indeed ?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, sir ;—I am sick, 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs PAGE, and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains ? hath he any eyes ? hath he any thinking ? sure they sleep ; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion and advantage ; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful

risful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall rather be prais'd for this than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, EVAN'S,
and CAIUS.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly at your service:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my wish-a. Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he wags, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells April and May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a religion, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot

knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance; if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the free wooing at master Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Hof. Farewel, my hearts: I will to my horse, knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aside,*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III, FORD'S house.

Enter Mrs FORD, Mrs PAGE, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-basket—

Mrs Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket of
you

your shoulders : that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiffers in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs Page. You will do it ?

Mrs Ford. I have told them over and over ; they lack no direction : Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-mulket ? what news with you ?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford ; and requests your company.

Mrs Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us ?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn : My master knows not of your being here ; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it ; for, he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs Page. Thou'rt a good boy ; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so :—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit ROBIN.*]

Mrs Page. I warrant thee ; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs PAGE.*]

Mrs Ford. Go to then ;—we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion ;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel ? Why,

E

now

now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like many of these lipping-haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, sir. *Love*
mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say,

by
the

the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing; and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras:

Mrs Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. — [FALSTAFF hides himself.]

Enter Mrs PAGE.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

Mrs Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs Ford. Speak louder.—[*Afide.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs Page. For shame, never stand *you bad rather*, and *you bad rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs

Mrs Page. Help to cover your master, boy : Call your men, mistress Ford :—You dissembling knight !

Mrs Ford. What, John, Robert, John ! Go take up these clothes here, quickly ; Where's the cowl-staff ? look, how you drumble : carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead ; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near : if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it.—How now ? whither bear you this ?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it ? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck ? I would I could wash myself of the buck ! Buck, buck, buck ? Ay, buck ? I warrant you, buck ; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night ; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys : ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out : I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox :—Let me stop this way first :—So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented : you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen : you shall see sport anon : follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France : it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen ; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this ?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford. I am half afraid, he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy 'till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page. Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay, I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor-Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page;—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth;—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

*SCENE IV. PAGE's house.**Enter FENTON, and Mistress ANNE PAGE.*

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love ;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth :
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies ;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible.
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, fir :
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.
[*FENTON and Mistress ANNE go apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly : my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't : 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quic. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[*Aside.*

Quic. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I never made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne,

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my

Page. She is no match for you. [child.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

Quic. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love you in such a righteous fashion as I do, [daughter Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master doctor. [band.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be fet quick i' the earth, And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs

Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

[*Ex. Mrs PAGE, and ANNE.*

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Now heaven send thee good fortune? A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my naster had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three! for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff for my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.

[*Exit BARD.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrel of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into

into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues flighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd; I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, sir; there's a woman below would speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs QUICKLY.

Quic. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I
was

was thrown into the ford ; I have my belly full of ord.

Quic. Alas the day ! good heart, that was not her fault : she does so take on with her men ; they misdoxk their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would earn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding ; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine : I must carry her word quickly . she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her : Tell her so : and bid her think, what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so Between nine and ten, say'st thou ?

Quic. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone : I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, sir ! [Exit.]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within ; I like his money well. Oh, ere he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir !

Fal. Now, master Brook ? you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife ?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you ; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir ?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, sir ? Did she change her determination ?

F

Fal.

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes to me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook:

brook : I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths : first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-weather : next, to be compass'd, like good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head : and then to be stopp'd in, like strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted their own grease : think of that,——a man of my idney——think of that ; that am as subject to heat ; butter ; a man of continual dissolution and thaw ; was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And, in the sight of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the flames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like horse-shoe ;——think of that——hissing hot——think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into *Ætna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding : I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her : Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook ; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[*Exit.*

Ford. Hum ! ha ! is this a vision ? is this a dream ? do I sleep ? master Ford, awake ; awake, master Ford ; here's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. 'Tis to be married ! this 'tis to have linen, and

buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house, he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. PAGE's house.

Enter Mrs PAGE, Mrs QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs Page.

Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, when his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No: master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic.

Quic. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head; come.

Mrs Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, odd's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quic. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity woman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William: What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronouns; and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hac, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hic, hac, hoc*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog*.

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O——vocative, O.

Eva. Remember, William, focative is, *caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, borum, harum, borum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney's* case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—he upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understanding for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art a foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *lies*, your *kas*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. Get you home, ay.—Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE II. FORD's house.

Enter FALSTAFF, and Mrs FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mrs PAGE.

Mrs Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. I deed?

Mrs Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always use to discharge the birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places,
and

and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John; unless you go out disguis'd—
How might we disguise him?

Mrs Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs

Mrs Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently : let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet ! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :

We do not act, that often jest and laugh ;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders ; your master is hard at door ; if he bid you set it down, obey him : quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs PAGE, and Mrs FORD.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not ; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, SHALLOW, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain :—Somebody call my wife :—Youth in a basket !—Oh, you panderly rascals ! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy against me : Now shall the devil be sham'd. What ! wife, I say ! come, come forth ; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes ! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer ; you must be pinion'd.

Eva,

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes.

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs Ford. Why, man, why,——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies!

Ford.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, as jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman: Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch; you hag—you, come down, I say.

Mrs Ford. Nay, good sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, led by Mrs PAGE.

Mrs Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her,—Out of my doors, you witch!
[Beats him.] You hag, you baggage, you poulcatt, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Mrs Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it: 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trial, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not: he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will be still the mistresses.

Mrs Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd: and methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST, and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court; let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll fauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll fauce them; come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ford's house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs* PAGE, *Mrs* FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [*wilt;*]
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour
In him that was of late an heretic, [*stand,*]
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,

As in offence ;
But let our plot go forward : let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they
spoke of.

Page. How ! to fend him word they'll meet him in
the park

At midnight ! fie, fie ; he will never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the rivers ;
and hath been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman :
methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he
should not come ; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he
shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he
And let us two devise to bring him hither. [comes,

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne
the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns ;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle ;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner :
You have heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak ;
But what of this ?

Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device ;——

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him hither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, [thus:
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchans, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness w^{ill} fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight:
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dare to tread
In shape profane?

Mrs Ford. And, 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs

Mrs Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies ; finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy ;—and in that time Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook : He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs Page. Fear not you that : Go get us properties And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it : It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Ex. PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*

Mrs Page. Go, mistress Ford, Send Quickly to sir John to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs FORD.*

I'll to the doctor ; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot ;
And he my husband best of all affects ;
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court : he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. The Garter Inn.

Enter HOST, and SIMPLE,

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor ? what, thick-skin ? speak, breathe, discuss ; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed ; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new : Go,

knock and call ; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginus* unto thee : Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber ; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, 'till she come down : I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha ! a fat woman ! the knight may be robb'd ; I'll call.——Bully knight ! Bully sir John ! speak from thy lungs military : Art thou there ? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

FALSTAFF above.

Fal. How now, mine host ?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman : Let her descend, bully, let her descend ; my chambers are honourable ! Fie ! privacy ? fie !

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me ; but she is gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wife woman of Brentford ?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell : What would you with her ?

Simp. My master, sir, my master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir ?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself ;

herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hofl. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir?

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMPLE.

Hofl. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hofl. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Hofl.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainn
is a friend of mine come to town, tell
is three couzin-germans; that hath coze
hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Co
horses and money. I tell you for good
you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlc
and 'tis not convenient you should be coz
you well.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jartherre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in per
doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it
dat you make a grand preparation for a
many: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat
know, to come: I'll tell you for good vi

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist
I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, v
undone!

Fal. I would all the world might be c
I have been cozen'd, and beaten too.
come to the ear of the court, how I have
form'd, and how my transformation hath
and cudgell'd, they would melt me out
drop by drop, and liquor fisherman's boc
I warrant they would whip me with th

'till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.——

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue; I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter FENTON, and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Hoft. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will,
at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page:
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both: Fat sir John Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image of the jest

[*Showing a letter.*]

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented: now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And first for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are talking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,
 The better to denote her to the doctor
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded),
 That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
 And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :
 And here it rests—That you'll procure the vicar
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And, in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
 Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter FALSTAFF, and Mrs QUICKLY.

Falstaff.

PR'YTHEE, no more prattling :—go.——I'll hold :
 This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd
 numbers. Away, go ; they say, there is divinity in
 odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—
 Away. *Quic.*

Quar. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs QUICKLY.*]

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Windsor-Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, for Slender, my daughter,

Slender.

Slm. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*: she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Mrs PAGE, Mrs FORD, and Dr CAIUS.

Mrs Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Mrs Page. Fare you well, sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of dairies? and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

H

Mrs

Mrs Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on : To the oak, to the oak !

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts : be pold, I pray you ; follow me into the pig, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you :
Come, come ; trib, trib,

SCENE V.

Enter FALSTAFF with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve ; the minute draws on : Now, the hot-blooded gods afflict me !—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa ; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love ! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man ; in some other, a man 'a beast.—You were also Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda :—Oh, omnipotent love ! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose ?—A fault done first in the form of a beast :—O Jove, a beastly fault !—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl :—think on't, Jove ; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do ? For me, I am here a Windsor stag ; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest : Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow ? Who comes here ? my doe ?

Enter

Enter Mrs FORD, and Mrs PAGE.

Mrs Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my ale deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain statoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; ail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoos: let there come tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience: he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs Ford. }
Mrs Page. } Away, away.

[*The women run out.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire: he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH like a satyr; QUICKLY, and others, dress'd like fairies, with tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windfor chimneys shalt thou leap :
 Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
 There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry :
 Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies ; he that speaks to them
 shall die ;

I'll wink and cough ; No man their works must eye.
[Lies down upon his face.]

Eva. Where's *Pede* ?—Go you, and where you
 find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
 Rein up the organs of her fantasy,
 Sleep she as sound as careless infancy ;
 But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and

Quic. About, about ; *[thins,*

Search Windfor castle, elves, within and out :
 Strew good luck, oushes, on every sacred room ;
 That it may stand 'till the perpetual doom,
 In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit ;
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower ;
 Each fair instalment coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
 And, *Hony Sait Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white ;
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee ;
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away ;

ACT V. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Away ; disperse : But, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand : yourselves in
order set :

And twenty glow worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay ; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy !
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese ! [birth.

Eva. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy

Quic. With trial fire touch me his finger-end ;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.—

[*They burn him with their tapers and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire ?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire :—
About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme :
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right ; indeed, he is full of lecheries and
iniquities.

The SONG.

*Fie on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villany ;*

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon*

*During this song, they pinch him.
one way, and steals away a Fairy i
another way, and he takes away
and FENTON comes, and steals a
PAGE. A noise of hunting is made
Fairies run away. FALSTAFF p
Head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, &c. They

*Page. Nay, do not fly: I think,
you now;*

Will none but Herne the hunter see

*Mrs Page. I pray you, come; h
higher:—*

*Now, good sir John, how like you
See you these, husband? do not the
Become the forest better than the to*

*Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoo
are his horns, master Brook: And,
hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but
his cudgel, and twenty pounds of me
be paid to master Brook; his horse
it, master Brook.*

*Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have l
could never meet. I will never take
again, but I will always count you r*

Fal. I do begin to perceive that l

*Ford. Ay, and an ox too; bot
extant.*

Fal. And these are not fairies? I

times in the thought they were not fairies : and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment !

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this ? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too ? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize ? 'tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter ; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter ! have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English ? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight ?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding ? a bag of flax ?

Mrs Page. A puff'd man ?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails ?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan ?

Page. And as poor as Job ?

Ford.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't: would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it
had

had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and, 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slén. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly; Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slén. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON, and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page,

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. 'The offence is holy that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her;

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:— In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd. [joy!

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!— Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

ERRATA,

Page 5, line 1, for eleyen read seven

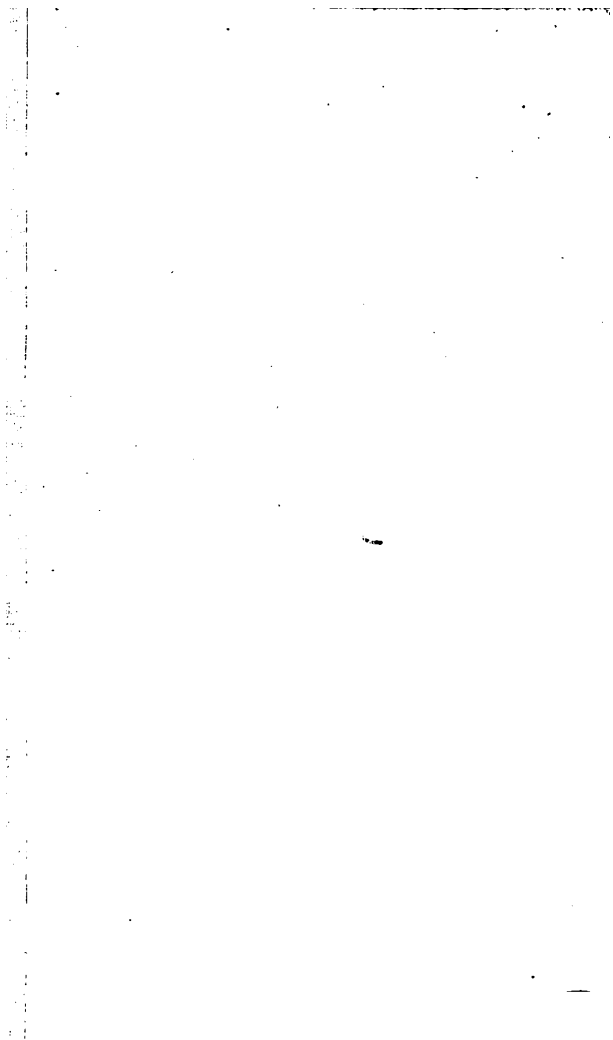
~~— 7, — 5~~ from bottom, for *Eva*, read *Ska*.

22.4.1

22

22





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